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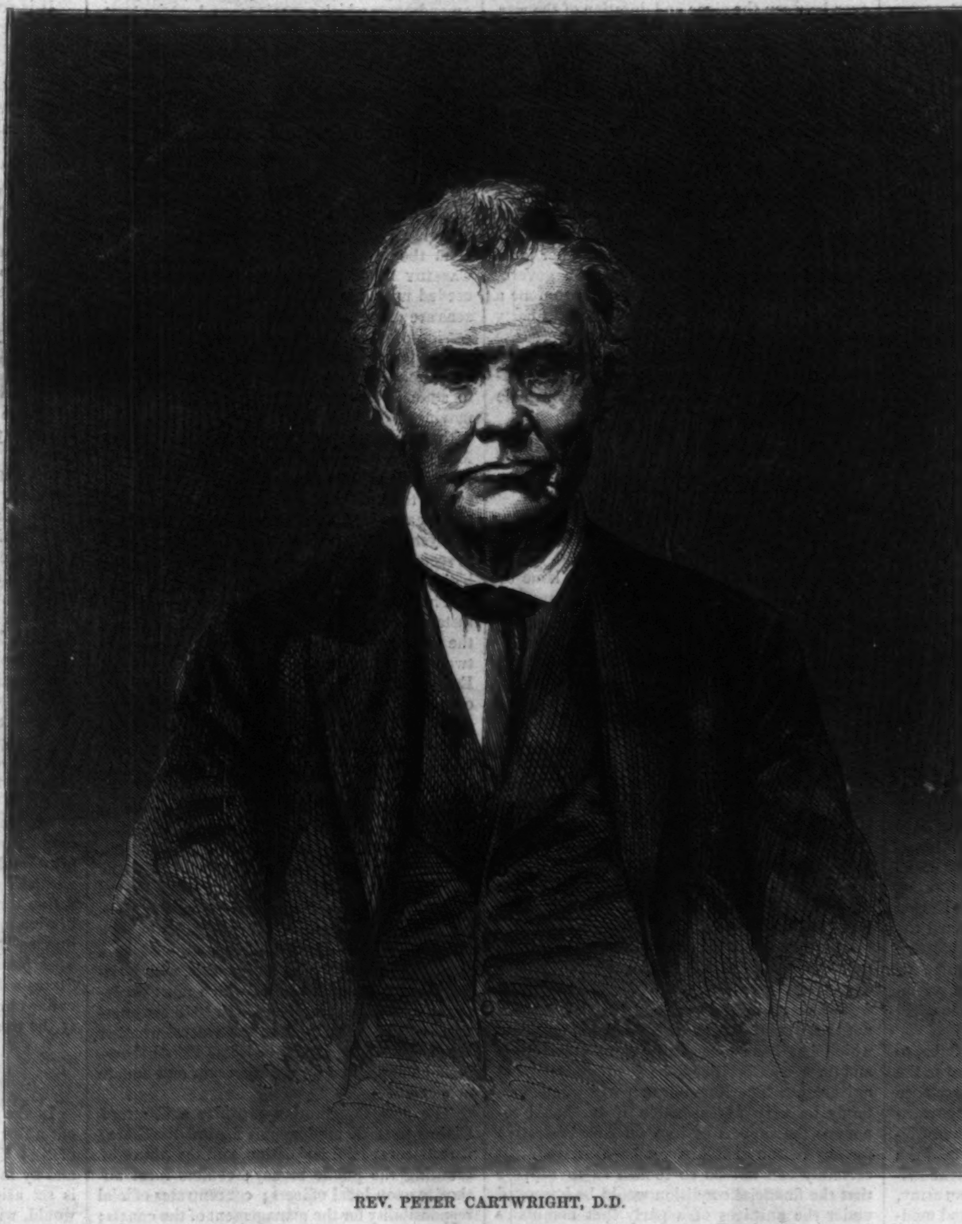
REV. PETER CARTWRIGHT, D.D.

THE REV. PETER CARTWRIGHT, the pioneer of Methodism in the West, has now been a Presiding Elder for fifty years. In view of this fact, the last Illinois Annual Conference made arrangements for a semi-centennial jubilee, to take place September 24. Among those who take a prominent part on this occasion we may mention Bishops SIMPSON, MORRIS, JANES, AMES, and THOMPSON. Bishop SIMPSON gives a review of Doctor CARTWRIGHT's career as a legislator in thirteen General Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, from 1816 to 1868. In connection with this pleasant jubilee a large number of presents were given to Dr. CARTWRIGHT as tokens of the regard in which he is held by the Church.



REV. PETER CARTWRIGHT, D.D.

A complete biography of PETER CARTWRIGHT would include the history of the rise and progress of Methodism in the Valley of the Mississippi. He was born September 1, 1785, in Amherst County, on James River, in the State of Virginia. He is now, therefore, entering upon his eighty-fifth year. In a lecture which he delivered at Chicago not long ago, he said that he was living beyond his time. He had not a father, mother, brother, or sister living. His life had been one of hardship; he had known many crosses; but if he were to live his life over again, he would be a Methodist traveling preacher: he would rather choose that than be President of the United States.

PETER CARTWRIGHT's father was a Revolutionary soldier. His mother, a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was an orphan. Shortly after his birth his parents removed to Kentucky, then an unbroken wilderness, over which emigrants moved on pack-horses. When PETER was nine years old JACOB LURTON, a traveling preacher, held religious services in his father's cabin. This LURTON he styles a "real son of thunder. He preached with tremendous power, and the congregation were almost all melted to tears." A small class was soon organized in the neighborhood. This little society was visited by a "mighty revival" in 1799, and a church was built, called *Ebenezer*. This was in what was then called Cumberland Circuit, and Kentucky District, in the Western Conference, the seventh conference in the United States.

Logan County, where the CARTWRIGHTS lived, was called "Rogues' Harbor." Refugees from all parts of the country fled thither to escape justice. Murderers, horse-thieves, highway robbers, and counterfeiters actually formed a majority of the inhabitants, and were able to set the laws at defiance. The honest people, under the name of Regulators, combined together and formed a vigilance committee for the execution of the laws. It was in such a desperate state of society that PETER CARTWRIGHT's boyhood was passed. "I was naturally," he says, "a wild, wicked boy, and delighted in horse-racing, card-playing, and dancing. My father restrained me but little, though my mother often talked to me, wept over me, and prayed for me, and often drew tears from my eyes; and though I often wept under preaching, and resolved to do better and seek religion, yet I broke my vows, went into young company, rode races, played cards, and danced." Gambling became his besetting sin.

At length, at about the beginning of the present century, Logan County became more civilized. Murderers and horse-thieves disappeared, and preaching became more frequent. About this time the Cane Ridge camp-meeting was held—a meeting protracted for weeks, and attended by from 12,000 to 25,000 people. Preachers of all denominations were present, and between one and two thousand souls were converted. This was the first camp-meeting ever held in the United States. It was about this time (1801) that PETER was converted, and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church.

The following incident illustrates the ignorance with which the early Methodist preachers in the West had to contend. The Rev. WILSON LEE, preaching in PETER CARTWRIGHT's neighborhood, took for his text, "Except a man deny himself, and take up his cross, he can not be my disciple." He urged on his congregation, with melting voice and tearful eyes, to take up the cross; no matter what it was, take it up. He made a very profound impression upon a very wicked Dutchman in his congregation, whose wife was a notorious scold. After dismissing the meeting, Mr. LEE mounted his horse and rode away. After riding some distance, he saw, a little ahead of him, a man trudging along, carrying a woman on his back. This greatly surprised Mr. LEE. He very naturally supposed that the woman was a cripple, or had hurt herself in some way, so that she could not walk. The traveler was a small man, and the woman large and heavy.

Before he overtook them, Mr. LEE began to cast about in his mind how he could render them assistance. When he came up to them, lo and behold, who should it be but the Dutchman and his wife that had been so affected under his sermon at meeting. Mr. LEE rode up and spoke to them, and inquired of the man what had happened, or what was the matter, that he was carrying his wife.

The Dutchman turned to Mr. LEE and said, "Besure you did tell us in your sarmon dat we must take up de cross and follow de Saviour, or dat we could not be saved or go to heaven; and I does desire to go to heaven so much as any pody; and dish vife is so pad, she scold and scold all de time, and dish woman is de greatest cross I have in de whole world, and I does take her up and pare her, for I must save my soul."

In May, 1802, PETER CARTWRIGHT was permitted to exercise his gifts as an exhorter. In the fall his father moved down the Cumberland River into Lewiston County. Here Presiding Elder PAGE gave PETER authority to travel through that destitute region, hold meetings, organize classes, and, in a word, to form a circuit. Considering his education defective, he entered the best school to be found in the neighborhood, where he staid for a short time, and then went into the active work of the ministry. In 1806 he was ordained a deacon by Bishop ASBURY. He was married to FRANCES GAINES August 18, 1808, and in the following October was ordained an elder by Bishop M'KENDREE. In 1813 he was appointed by Bishop ASBURY presiding elder of the Green River District, in Tennessee. From that time to the present day the Rev. PETER CARTWRIGHT has lived and wrought in the West with characteristic energy, and his labors have been attended with memorable success. "I have lived," he says, in his autobiography, "to see this vast Western wilderness rise and improve and become wealthy without a parallel in the history of the world; I have outlived every member of my father's family; I have outlived every member of the class I joined in 1800; I have outlived every member of the Western Conference in 1804, save one or two; I have outlived every member of the first General Conference that I was elected to, in Baltimore, in 1816, save five or six; I have outlived all my early bishops; I have outlived every presiding elder that I ever had when on circuits; and I have outlived hundreds and thousands of my contemporary ministers and members, as well as juniors, and still linger on the mortal shores. Though all these have died, they shall live again, and by the grace of God I shall live with them in heaven forever."

PETER CARTWRIGHT, in his journeys upon various circuits in the West, met with many very peculiar characters. And, as he himself was very eccentric, these encounters led often to amusing results. He tells the following anecdote of the conversion of two young ladies, whose mother was the terror of all preachers. He was warned not to visit them, but determined to go. The reception given him by the old lady was any thing but inviting, she even ordering him to take the door. He told her he had come to talk and pray with her two daughters. She said he should not pray in her house, and shaking her fist in his face, she again ordered him out. The contest lasted for some time. The husband was a poor henpecked man, and his wife reigned supreme. At last, telling the woman to be seated, he kneeled to pray. He kept one eye open, for he had to watch as well as pray. In his prayer he gave a description of the woman any thing but flattering. He invoked the Almighty to love her, if possible, and do it quick. But if there was no salvation for her, he prayed to God to kill her, and damn her at once. Afterward he met her, and found her a changed woman.

Of course PETER CARTWRIGHT was a Jacksonian in politics; but the following incident that occurred in connection with the meeting of the Nashville Conference in 1818, showed that he was not to be scared by even "Old Hickory." "The city preacher," he says, "informed me that I was to preach on Monday evening in Dr. BLACKBOURN's church, and charged me to be sure and behave myself. I made him my best bow, and thanked him that he had given me any appointment at all; and I assured him I would certainly behave myself the best I could. 'And now,' said I, 'Brother MAC, it really seems providential that you have appointed me to preach in the Doctor's church, for I expect they never heard Methodist doctrine fairly stated and the dogmas of Calvinism exposed; and now, Sir, they shall hear the truth for once.' Said the preacher, 'You must not preach controversy.' I replied, 'If I live to preach there at all, I'll give Calvinism one riddling.' 'Well,' said the preacher, 'I recall the appointment, and will send another preacher there; and you must preach in the Methodist church Monday evening; and do try and behave yourself.' 'Very well,' said I; 'I'll do my best.'

"The preacher's conduct toward me was spread abroad, and excited considerable curiosity. Monday evening came; the church was filled to overflowing; every seat was crowded, and many had to stand. After singing and prayer, Brother MAC took his seat in the pulpit. I then read my text: 'What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?' After reading my text I paused. At that moment I saw General JACKSON walking up the aisle; he came to the middle post and very gracefully leaned against it and stood, as there were no vacant seats. Just then I felt some one pull my coat in the stand, and turning my head, my fastidious preacher, whispering a little loud, said, 'General JACKSON has come in; General JACKSON has come in.' I felt a flash of indignation run all over me like an electric shock, and facing about to my congregation, and purposely speaking out audibly, I said, 'Who is General JACKSON? If he don't get his soul converted, God will damn him as quick as he would a Guinea negro!'

"The preacher tucked his head down and squatted low, and would, no doubt, have been thankful for leave of absence. The congregation, General JACKSON and all, smiled or laughed right out, all at the preacher's expense. When the congregation was dismissed, my city-stationed preacher stepped up to me, and very sternly said to me, 'You are the strangest man I ever saw; and General Jackson will chastise you for your insolence before you leave the city.' 'Very clear of it,' said I, 'for General Jackson, I have no doubt, will applaud my course; and if he should undertake to chastise me, as Paddy said, "There is two as can play at that game."'

"General Jackson was staying at one of the Nashville hotels. Next morning very early my city preacher went down to the hotel to make an apology to General Jackson for my conduct in the pulpit the night before. Shortly after he had left I passed by the hotel and I met the General on the pavement, and before I approached him by several steps he smiled and reached out his hand, and said:

"'Mr. Cartwright, you are a man after my own heart. I am very much surprised at Mr. Mac, to think he would suppose that I would be offended at you. No, Sir; I told him that I highly approved of your independence; that a minister of Jesus Christ ought to love every body and fear no mortal man. I told Mr. Mac that if I had a few thousand such independent, fearless officers as you were, and a well-drilled army, I could take old England.'"

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, October 2, 1869.

OUR DUTY TO CUBA.

THERE was never a public question of importance enough to interest the press of Europe and America about which less was authentically known than the Cuban question. It seems to be understood that the United States Government is making representations to that of Spain; but nothing is certainly known. To-day it is announced that a distinct proposition of sale and guarantee has been offered. To-morrow it is as distinctly denied. One moment General Sickles has written a significant note; the next, he has written nothing. The rumor, as we write, is that he has informed the Spanish Government that there is a strong pressure of public opinion in this country to recognize the Cubans as belligerents. We are very reluctant to believe that any such note has been authorized or written. It is not easy to suppose that the Administration would threaten Spain; still less that it would found a threat upon an untruth. Public opinion in this country may naturally be presumed to be friendly to the efforts of all people honorably striving for independence of a foreign power. But it is certainly untrue that there is any pressing general desire to recognize the independence of Cuba, or to take any positive step until something more is known. Cuban independence and annexation are known to be the same thing, and it would be very far from accurate to say that public opinion in this country demanded the addition of nearly two millions of Spanish creoles and emancipated slaves to the present population.

That the Spanish government of Cuba has been harsh and cruel; that the Cubans have the right, upon proper consideration of means and chances, to attempt to secure their independence by arms; and that in the struggle they have the sympathy of all generous hearts, we have often declared. But it would be unspeakable folly for the United States to take part in every war upon the side which might seem to be in the right to most of those who knew any thing of the facts. Consequently, when the other Spanish-American colonies revolted, in 1810, the United States remained neutral. They continued so for twelve years, until the colonies were not only independent in fact, but there was no prospect of their ceasing to be so. Twenty years and more passed, however, before Spain acknowledged the fact. During all this time the United States maintained the strictest neutrality with the frankest expression of sympathy for the colonies; and they departed from their neutrality only when an organized government, fulfilling all its functions, had been established.

But it can not yet be truly said that Cuba, to use President Monroe's words in regard to the other colonies, has "declared its independence and maintained it." The revolutionary government of Cuba is the military rule of the revolutionary Commander-in-chief. The ports of the island and the large towns have not yet acknowledged it. General Jordan, of the Cuban army, says that they "need shoes, clothing, and medicines; for none are in the country. Hundreds of brave men are standing in my sight almost naked." These are facts which, as in the case of Crete, attest the heroism and the extremity of the revolutionists. As in the case of Crete, also, there is no reason to doubt that the friendly heart of this country will send the needed succor. Crete held out for three years in a just and noble cause. We sympathized, we succored, but we did not recognize her independence nor concede belligerent rights. Would it have been wiser for us to do so? Is it desirable upon any just and reasonable grounds that the United States should become the knight-errant to fight the battles of all distressed peoples? We do not ask the question from any selfish consideration, but from the highest regard to liberty and civilization. Would either be the gainers if we should challenge every Government in the world whose principles or whose practice we do not approve?

There is still another consideration which ought not to be forgotten. We have called England to account for her conduct during the late rebellion in this country, and none are more vehement in doing so than those who demand that we shall recognize the independence of Cuba. Let us be just to England, however unfriendly we may consider her conduct to have been. During four years the Confederacy maintained absolute independence of the United States. It had an organized civil government recognized throughout its entire territory, collecting taxes, holding courts, making and enforcing laws. Generally it repelled our advances upon its lines; and when we broke through the people refused to submit, and we held the territory that our cannon commanded, and no more. The conditions that theoretically justify recognition of the independence of a revolting state can hardly be fairly said not to have existed. We did not relinquish the contest, of course, and it was known that we should not hesitate to regard recognition as war. Nevertheless Louis Napoleon urged England, by the joint recognition of both nations, to end a hopeless struggle upon the part of the United States. Had England consented, a treaty of alliance between those powers and the Confederacy would have followed, and our difficulties would have been incalculably increased. England declined; France would not move alone; and we were left with no other foe than the rebels.

What reason is there for our recognition of the independence of Cuba which would not have justified England in recognizing that of the Confederacy? Is there any comparison whatever between the vigor and duration of the war, the actuality of the government, and the maintenance of independence? It is said that the Cubans have agreed to abolish slavery, and that our interference will lead to emancipation. That is a good reason for recognition when the Cubans show themselves capable of independence, but not before. If they have declared an emancipation which they can not maintain, they have no right to call upon other people to maintain it. The recognition of independence is the acknowledgment of a fact, not of a hope nor of an effort. If Cuba can secure her independence, establish a stable and free government, and abolish slavery, she will have done a great and good work which the lovers of liberty every where will applaud. But it is not for the interests of liberty and civilization that this work should be done for her by others. Independence is secure only among those who are able to obtain it for themselves.

POLITICAL PROSPECTS.

The result of the election in Maine, where Governor Chamberlain is re-elected by a good majority, shows the depth and extent of the feeling which would make a separate issue of the prohibitory question. It is, apparently, doubtful whether the prohibitory vote in Maine really exceeds five thousand. By no chance could the movement have done more than elect the Democratic candidate and open every grog-shop without restriction. This was plainly seen by the most noted and influential of the temperance leaders, and they very wisely resolved that the cause demanded the success of the party which was most favorable to it. We have little doubt that a result like that in Maine will attend the movement in Ohio; and the prospect invites the candid consideration of all temperance men who are also in favor of a prohibitory law. Is such a law of such superior importance to all other issues that they may properly be imperiled? This truth was certainly not established at the National Convention in Chicago that formed the new temperance party.

The result in Maine also shows that there is not that dissatisfaction with the Administration which has been asserted by some Democratic and foreign authorities to be so pronounced and universal. The Republican party would certainly be very unreasonable if it should renounce the support of its own Administration for any reason that has yet been alleged. It certainly can not be so foolish as to suppose that the financial condition would be improved under the auspices of a party that nominates Mr. Pendleton in Ohio; nor retrenchment and economy secured by a party whose chief leaders in New York are the ring that is stigmatized by one of the party organs as "corruptionists;" nor the general tranquillity and prosperity of the country promoted by a party that proposes to keep open the question of equal rights.

The Cincinnati *Enquirer* asserts that the Republicans will certainly be beaten in that State. It is possible, but even Mr. Pendleton has not yet given any proof of the probability of such a result. If, indeed, Mr. John Quincy Adams, of Massachusetts, were the type of the Republicans of the United States, the case would be different. If, because of errors of policy, from which no party can be free, and of corruptions which are inseparable from every party in power, every Republican should think to find a remedy by going over to the Opposition, the prospects of the Democracy in Ohio and elsewhere would be very much more promising than they are. Mr. Adams is emulous of that Chinese school of epicures who burned down their houses to roast their pigs. He applies their principles in politics, and not as yet, it must be confessed, with the same success. He has not as yet "tasted—*crackling*."

In this State the first duty of the Republican Convention is to settle the feuds in the city, and to refuse to recognize as the representative of the party here a committee which is merely a brokerage for office. It should make a brief and positive declaration in favor of a searching reform of the whole civil service system. It should declare for the new State Constitution, and nominate candidates whose characters and antecedents would be their platform. It need not fear nor shirk. The future belongs to it if it chooses to take it. A bold reliance upon the intelligence and conscience of the State will be triumphantly justified by the result.

THE NEW STATE CONSTITUTION.

The new Constitution of this State is to be submitted to the people at the next election, and if its provisions are understood it will unquestionably be adopted. It is a very great improvement of the present Constitution, which has been proved to be very far from that master-piece of wisdom which it was at one time supposed to be. The fundamental defects of that instrument, however, are only partly corrected in the new: but it may be fairly said that the changes are all improvements. The Convention was, apparently, unwilling to do more than make such changes as were indispensable, and many amendments which experience and reason justified were rejected as being too radical. It was impossible also to exclude party considerations altogether. But with every objection the amended Constitution ought to be adopted.

The first in importance of the proposed changes is the equality of the suffrage. The new Constitution abolishes the property qualification for colored voters. There can be no argument in favor of this qualification which would not logically lead to the disfranchisement of colored citizens. This was plain enough from the speeches of Mr. Murphy and Mr. Cassidy against the amendment, which proceeded upon the ground that the colored citizens are of an inferior race. But how the possession of a little money obviated the perils at the polls arising from that inferiority neither those gentlemen nor any body else remembered to state. The justice and expediency of removing the disability were vindicated by no one with more force and eloquence than by Mr. Magnus Gross, a fellow-partisan of Messrs. Murphy and Cassidy.

The term of Senators is to be four instead of two years—half of the Senate retiring every two years. The advantage of such a system in securing a constant element of experience in legislation needs no argument.

The Assembly is to be elected by counties instead of districts, a change which increases the number of members from one hundred and twenty-eight to one hundred and thirty-nine. Experience has shown that the election by counties generally secures better men than by districts. The Assemblymen are to be paid one thousand dollars—a change which, if of no further advantage, may tend to shorten the sessions.

The changes in the Judiciary system are so excellent that they were supported by almost every lawyer of both parties in the Convention, and will be undoubtedly sustained by all the most eminent men of the profession in the State. To relieve the pressure upon the highest tribunal, the present Court of Appeals, with one judge to be appointed, is continued as a Board of Commissioners for Appeals, with jurisdiction of all pending cases, which must be determined within three years. In 1873 the question is to be submitted to the voters, whether the judges of the Courts of Record shall thereafter be appointed by the Governor and Senate or elected.

The new Constitution provides a Court of Claims to settle all demands against the State; it restricts special legislation, and the power of granting the public money; confers local authority upon local officers; concentrates official responsibility for the management of the canals; places the State prisons in charge of a Board appointed by the Governor and Senate; extends the time for the payment of the Bounty debt so as to lessen the annual tax; requires a uniform rule for the assessment and taxation of real and personal property; makes punishment for official bribery practicable; and ordains free instruction in the public schools for all persons between seven and twenty years of age.

A constitution is not usually a very attractive study. But voting upon its adoption is one of the most important acts of a citizen, and it is his duty to understand its general character. The new instrument has been widely published, and many of the papers in the State discuss its provisions with intelligence and vigor. The articles upon the subject in the *Western New Yorker*, at Warsaw, Wyoming County, are especially good. Between this time and the election we hope to be able to consider more in detail some of the more important changes proposed.

THE ST. THOMAS TREATY.

On the 15th of October the extended time allowed by Mr. Seward and the Danish Minister for the ratification of the St. Thomas treaty expires, and unless it be again extended by Secretary Fish the whole negotiation fails. But it can not end in this way without deep and lasting disgrace to the United States. It was a negotiation undertaken at the urgent entreaty of the Secretary of State, approved by the President. It was conducted upon the part of Denmark with the utmost honor and friendliness, and a strict regard for the wishes of the people most nearly interested. The treaty was ratified by the agents of both governments, and Senators were informally consulted before the definitive vote was taken upon the island. It was then submitted to the Senate, and it has neither been confirmed nor rejected; it has been contemptuously neglected. Such conduct is discreditable to the Senate, and it is mortifying to the nation. It authorizes every government in the world to decline to treat with any authorized representative of the United States, until it learns whether it can regard his authority as evidence of his accord with the treaty-making power. It justifies England in saying to Mr. Motley, and Spain to General Sickles, "We are very glad to see you, but you will understand that we can not possibly tell whether you represent the wishes and sentiments of your Government."

It is very true that the Constitution requires the consent of the Senate to a treaty, and that the Secretary of State has no authority to bind the country to do what he may think ought to be done—to buy parts of continents, islands, and other real estate at what may be considered enormous prices. But the facts must be considered. The offer to buy was made by the Secretary and President of a party which controlled the Senate. It was peculiarly fair to suppose, therefore, that the Government was a unit. This probability became virtual certainty when the same Secretary's similar action in regard to Alaska was most promptly supported by the Senate, and when personal inquiry of Senators disclosed no hostility to the St. Thomas project. It was only natural under such circumstances that Denmark should take measures to sever her connection with the island; and that she should feel hurt and insulted by the disdainful omission even to consider the treaty enough to reject it. Indeed, the omission can hardly be called disdainful. It seems rather an unhandsome evasion of the question, because of a consciousness that no satisfactory and honorable reason could be urged for rejection. There is no doubt that a first-rate power would not allow a treaty negotiated under such circumstances to be left without consideration. It would demand explanation in a tone that we know Denmark can not use, and which, therefore, it is still less pardonable in us to provoke.

It is plain that the Secretary of State and the Senate should save the country from the ill fame of such conduct, and a friendly power from so gross a humiliation. Let the Secretary extend the term for the ratification of the treaty. Then let the Senate fairly and frankly consider it. If it rejects it let it state the reason, and not content itself with *sic volo sic jubo;* and then to avoid so unpleasant a complication hereafter, and to make treaty negotiations possible with self-respecting governments, let it strictly define the limits of executive action in the initiation of treaties. But we sincerely hope that a wise regard for the position of a friendly little power and for the fair fame of the United States will, in this instance and under the peculiar circumstances, induce the Senate to ratify the treaty.

CITY ELECTIONS.

In the following article we propose to point out a few of the grave frauds which in the city of New York are perpetrated upon the people, and by means of which the will of the majority is set aside in more instances than the public would, without examination, suppose possible. It is not our purpose to refer to the iniquity of fraudulent naturalizations, to false registry, or to the voting by repeaters, all of which criminalities are carried on to a great extent, but simply to those frauds which are perpetrated on election-day at the polls, and by the very men who are appointed to protect the purity and honesty of the elections; to the crimes against the principle of self-government and republican institutions, which have made our municipal politics a reproach and by-word throughout the land. We shall expose only one link in a system of fraud which is so powerful in its various ramifications that it absolutely controls elections in our city, and utterly stifles the voice of the people.

The inspectors, canvassers, and poll-clerks of the elections are appointed by the Police Board, which is nominally a non-partisan body, composed of two Democrats and two Republicans. There are four inspectors, two canvassers, and two poll-clerks in every election district, of which there are three hundred and forty within the municipal limits. Of these one-half are selected from among the Republicans, and the other half from the Democrats; and were this selection carefully made, a perfect security would be obtained against fraud; but by reason of the many local quarrels, the running of independent candidates, the schisms in party organizations, and the united interest of rogues to deplete the city treasury, improper and unfit men are frequently selected. In fact, this is carried so far that it has become a common expression among politicians "that the canvassers and inspectors have been promised to certain candidates and denied to others"—an expression which means that the irregularities we are about to ennumerate were to be committed in favor of one person and against another. And it must not be forgotten that for these illegalities the Republican Police Commissioners are almost as much to blame as the Democratic ones.

The duty of the inspectors on election-day—and to that alone we confine our remarks—is to receive the votes and deposit them in the boxes. The canvassers count the ballots at the close of the polls, and the poll-clerks keep the records, which are transmitted immediately to Police Head-quarters, and subsequently to the Board of Supervisors, who are *ex officiis* county canvassers, and whose sole duty it is to compute the total result either in Assembly, Senatorial, or Aldermanic districts, and give certificates of elections to those candidates who have a majority in all the election districts within their precincts. By this system it will be perceived that frauds by the canvassers and inspectors, if any are committed, are fatal, and can not be corrected at any subsequent stage of the proceedings. The law requires the ballots to be returned to the boxes, and the boxes to be sealed up and sent to the station-houses; but this statute is practically disregarded. Consequently there is no legal mode of going behind the returns, except by summoning every voter—a proceeding that is manifestly impracticable.

If an inspector changes the ballot which is handed to him nobody can prevent his doing so; the voter may protest, but if he makes himself offensive he will be ejected by the police, under the orders of the inspectors, who have control in such matters by their general authority for preserving order at the polls. Cases frequently occur where parties objecting to the reception of illegal ballots have been arrested, while those depositing them have been permitted to go free, and any protest against the action of the inspectors leads invariably to arrest and detention in the station-house. Inspectors have been known deliberately to throw away the ballots of voters and openly to substitute others, and to continue doing this for hours in spite of all remonstrances, while in other cases they have been observed to effect the substitution by a little sleight-of-hand, and more secretly. In the contested election case of M'Kiever *agt.* Whalen, the following evidence was given:

> "Lewis H. Lattan was a register and inspector in this district, and he testifies that during the entire day Inspector M'Quade received the Assembly ballots, and he dropped many of them on the floor, and substituted others from his coat pocket, which he deposited in the ballot-box. Attention was called to it, and Lattan expostulated with him, when he replied, 'You have got too much to say around here altogether; if you don't hush I will punch you in the head.'
>
> "In addition, it is satisfactorily proven that, in other instances, offensive and even obscene epithets were used to intimidate voters who declined to cast their ballots for Mr. Whalen. That others who insisted upon their rights to take the oath prescribed by law were violently taken from the polls by persons pretending to act in the capacity of special sheriff's deputies, with no attempt on the part of the Board of Inspectors to prevent such violence."

Many other instances equally gross could be given, but these are sufficient for the occasion. They depend not upon mere opinion or common rumor, but have been frequently proved by uncontradicted evidence in open court. Bad as they are they do not equal in enormity the frauds committed by the canvassers. The latter officials, as soon as the polls close, proceed to count the votes. This is usually done by taking up ten votes at a time for a candidate and calling "tally;" whereupon the entry is made in his favor to that effect. But it is no unusual thing for the canvasser to take fifteen votes before he calls "tally" for one man, and require only five for the opponent, thus making an error fraudulently of five votes against one and five in favor of the other, or ten in all. In such cases the packages are immediately thrown around the room or piled on the floor, to be burned up as soon as the iniquity is completed.

In one instance the poll-clerk insisted upon standing behind the canvassers who were carrying out this scheme in spite of their orders to him to sit down; and the entire canvass was suspended until a telegram could be sent to Police Head-quarters to ascertain whether the recusant was not under the domination of the canvassers. In this particular case, the President of the Board of Police replied that the poll-clerk could perform his duties in any part of the room, and the result was that the opposition candidate received a majority in that district, and in no other in his ward.

But a simpler and more effectual way of carrying the election is to change the votes bodily from one side to the other. For instance, if Mr. Brown, to whom the canvassers have been given, receives three hundred votes, and Mr. Jones, who is not approved by the political magnates of the city, obtains six hundred, the six hundred are transferred to Mr. Brown, while Mr. Jones is only allowed the three hundred that were polled in favor of his adversary. By these means the tally between the poll-lists and the returns is maintained, and a cleaner and easier operation is performed, while the effect is equally conclusive. So far and accurately are these and kindred frauds carried out, that certain local politicians can often carry a district by a specified majority established beforehand. In one case a Ninth Ward politician was compelled by party pressure to go against a friend who was a candidate, but promised that the district should be given to the opponent by only eight majority; and he was much chagrined and made many apologies because by accident the majority rose to twelve. In that case there were seventy-five actual voters in the district, but the returns showed over four hundred votes.

Publicity is always given to the names of the canvassers and inspectors who are selected by the Police Board, and unobjectionable men are often chosen in the first instance. But these are changed afterward in those localities where fraud can be most readily perpetrated. On the day preceding, or on the very day of election, often as late as three or four o'clock in the afternoon, the canvassers will be changed, and some tool of iniquity substituted for a good man. There is no time for appeal or protest or argument; the new man appears with his written authority; and if the original appointee makes any trouble he is immediately dragged away by the police. No candidate opposed to the regular organizations of either party is safe for a moment. He may imagine that he has decent and honest canvassers and inspectors, but they may be removed at any moment and the vilest men substituted. In this connection we make the following extract from the points in the M'Kiever case, to which we have already referred:

> "The two inspectors, M'Quade and M'Kenna, were both supporters of Whalen. M'Kenna admits that he has been arrested several times, that he was last imprisoned in 1864, and that he has since been locked up in the station-house 'for raising a disturbance in the house at night with his father and brother,' and M'Quade can't remember whether he has ever been arrested or not."

It must not be supposed that we mean to say that these enormities are committed in every election district; far otherwise; this would be neither desirable nor possible. Elections are rarely carried by other than a close vote, and the manipulation of this in a few districts will usually answer every purpose; where it will not, the regular organizations have to submit to a defeat. But if any of our readers will take the trouble to go to Police Head-quarters on election-night they will find a number of horses and buggies waiting there. At occasional intervals a man will be seen to enter one of these and drive off at furious speed. If our readers follow him they will find that he goes to a certain district where the proper men for the purpose are in control, and that he gives them certain directions. The returns have been examined as they come in at head-quarters, the number of votes required to elect has been ascertained, and the orders thus secretly given are to make up that number. It is thus that free expression is given to the will of the people in the city of New York, and Democratic majorities are rolled up which overslaugh the votes of the honest Republicans throughout the State.

We have only referred to a few instances in support of our statements, but we could give dozens of cases; not on hearsay evidence or public rumor, but duly sworn to, either before some committee of the Legislature or in the presence of the court. Every point that we have specified can be readily sustained, and is perfectly well known to all the practical working politicians of the city. Nor is the sole injury traceable to the direct fraud, but is a consequence of it and of the knowledge of the impossibility of fighting against it. People become discouraged when they feel that it is useless to struggle against a superior power; they surrender without an effort when they are assured beforehand that such an effort would be in vain; and especially are the smaller politicians certain to submit to the dictation of the controlling body, when by resisting they could effect no good, and would be sure to incur a dangerous enmity.

THE PRINCE AND THE EMPEROR.

The recent speech of Prince Napoleon ought to be studied by party orators as an illustration of independent party criticism. The cousin of the Emperor, a probable member of the Regency should the Emperor die, and a possible successor to the throne, is really of the Emperor's party. But he has outlived many illusions and penetrated many more. He is, to borrow a theological phrase, a rationalist in imperialism. He does not deceive himself by supposing that any glamour surrounds his heavy cousin in the minds of Frenchmen, and he knows that the family glory proceeds from the uncle. He has observed men and studied history, and he has undoubtedly decided that the only hope for the present dynasty in France lies in its transformation into an entirely constitutional government. In his speech, therefore, he does not hesitate to demand it. He does not praise the plan of the Emperor as the only plan, but he points out its serious defects, and he criticises the imperial régime with the vigor of a friend. This is the point which makes his speech interesting as a study of true party oratory. It is serviceable, not servile.

Prince Napoleon says that the Senatus Consultum indicates that henceforth liberty is to be the strength of the empire. This he believes to be an imperial tradition, and he makes the remarkable assertion that his studies have satisfied him that his uncle, the great Napoleon, returned from Elba a convert to constitutional principles. He does not deny that the nature of his genius made him prone to adopt old practices, but he is sure that his reason was convinced. The difficulty with the government of Louis Philippe was, that it represented the electors and not the people, and the catastrophe was therefore inevitable. But now, when there are ten millions of electors, the government must represent their wishes. The Prince, therefore, logically objects that the Ministers are responsible, not to the Assembly, but to the Senate, which is appointed by the Emperor. Moreover, during the six months' adjournment of the Assembly the Senate may legislate under the Presidency of the Emperor, and even vote the budget. Then the Senate alone has the right to discuss the Constitution, which is preposterous. The election districts should no longer be gerrymandered by imperial decree, and the mayors of cities should be elected by the municipal councils, and not appointed by the Emperor.

These are the demands which the Prince Napoleon makes in the interest of liberty. He perceives, with every body else, the suspicious omissions and complexities of the proposed system, and he very truly says: "When you seriously intend to practice political liberty, you will do pretty much what all other free peoples have done and are doing." That is the substance of the whole matter. If Louis Napoleon intends to establish a free constitutional system, the necessary measures are obvious. If he does not adopt them, his design may very properly be suspected. The justice of the Prince's criticisms is entirely unaffected by his personal hopes and intentions. Whether he appears in his Majesty's opposition to propitiate public favor, or to act as a scout and feeler for his Majesty, or is merely exercising his wits to amuse himself, or is in fact the honest critic that he seems, his speech undoubtedly points out the discrepancies between the provisions of the Senatus Consultum and a true constitutional system.

NOTES.

The late Legislature of New York omitted to ask the Governor to send to Washington a certified copy of the ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment. It was suggested that therefore it would not be recorded in the State Department. The acting Secretary of State therefore wrote to the Governor, who answered that the Legislature had not directed him to apprise the Secretary of State, but that he acceded to the request, and forwarded a copy officially attested by the clerks of the two Houses. Thereupon the *World* insists that such an act is not official notice. But the Governor has nothing whatever to do with the amendment except as the Legislature may ask him to send notice of its action to Washington. The "official notice" which the law requires is of course a copy officially attested by the proper Legislative authorities; and this notice has now been transmitted to the State Department.

The poem upon this page was evidently suggested by the illustration in the *Weekly* for August 28, called "An Heroic Boy." It is not the first time that our illustrations have suggested good poems. The striking sketch of "Sheridan's Ride," which was published in the *Weekly* soon after the Battle of Cedar Creek, which has been often attributed to Mr. Nast, but which was really by Mr. Ettynge, furnished the motive for Mr. Thomas Buchanan Read's poem of the same title. A volume of poems by Henry Abbey, the author of the "Stowaway Boy," has recently been published by A. D. F. Randolph & Co.

Who makes and unmakes the postage stamps? The old style was neat and excellent, the new is execrable. There was a pleasant sentiment in the portraits of distinguished citizens, but pictures of locomotives and jockeys are absurd. We learn that there is to be another change, and we hope that the reform will be a restoration, and that the stamps will "stick."

The Gold Telegraph, erected by Messrs. Alex. M. Hays & Co., in front of their store, No. 23 Maiden Lane, will prove as useful to all persons interested in the price of gold as it is novel and ingenious to the general public. The indicator is placed upon a pedestal ten feet high, with telegraphic connection at the Gold Room, by means of which all changes in price are instantly and faithfully recorded upon its dial. As nearly every one in the street is more or less interested in these changes, this new arrangement can but be regarded as of great public convenience.

The Rev. Wm. H. Milburn has just returned to New York after an absence of sixteen months in England, whither he went mainly to submit to an operation upon his eyes by Graeffe, of Berlin, the most eminent of European oculists. Although his sight is slightly improved, the operation was, nevertheless, not a success:

> "Seasons return, but not to him returns
> Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn,
> Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
> Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
> But cloud instead, and ever-during dark,
> Surrounds him, from the cheerful ways of men
> cut off."

While abroad, especially in England, Mr. Milburn was made the recipient of much attention from gentlemen eminent in literary, social, and professional life. During his travels he had rare opportunities of "seeing" and hearing what was going on among the notable folk of the Old World, and these observations he has embodied in a couple of lectures: one, "What a Blind Man saw in Paris;" the other, "A Blind Man's Experience in search of Sight." These he proposes to deliver during the coming lecture season. They can not fail to be very popular.

THE STOWAWAY BOY.

[Suggested by our Illustration, "An Heroic Boy," in the *Weekly* for August 28.]

When three days forth upon the salty sea,
There came out to the deck a little boy;
Not wherewithal to pay his way had he,
Yet looked up to the broad free sky with joy.
His face was bright and fair, for what is good
Shines out and fears not to be understood.

But on the boy a doubting eye was cast,
And soon there questioned him the master's mate:
He said that his step-father, near a mast
Had hidden him, with food, and bade him wait
Within the place until they reached the shore,
Where a kind aunt would give him from her store.

The mate was slow to feel the story true,
And thought the sailors gave the boy his food,
And often questioned him before the crew;
The boy replied with steadfast fortitude.
At last the mate avowed the glaring lie
Should be confessed or else the boy must die.

Thereat he bade a sailor fetch a rope,
And pointing to the yard-arm, sternly said,
"Boy, in ten minutes you will be past hope,
And know the solemn silence of the dead,
Unless you speak, and spurn the lie away."
The boy knelt down and asked if he might pray.

Above its hell of fire the tortured steam
Shrieked, hissed, and groaned in terror and in pain;
Yet worked the ship's great muscles, shaft and beam.
The vessel seemed a sea-gull or a crane
Beating the denser air that floods the world,
And round and round her watery wings were whirled.

The sky bent over the contented sea,
And, like the boy's face, was both pure and clear;
The ship's folk gathered round him anxiously,
The Lord's Prayer from his earnest lips to hear.
The mate, in tears, by trouble sore oppressed,
Caught up the boy and clasped him to his breast!

Truth's simple grandeur is her priceless wear,
And virtue is the crown upon her head;
So plain is she that even a child may dare
To take her hand and go where she will tread.
Not her shall serpent error fascinate,
She strikes it down and rules in time and fate.

Cling thou to Truth and keep her rigid line,
Nor pander to the false on either side;
Truth dwells with wisdom, makes the face to shine,
Leads on to honor, is to God allied;
Oh, in thy trial hour, whate'er befall,
Trust her with firm faith and all in all.

Henry Abbey.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

New York has one mile of railroad to 1325.7 of population; New Jersey, one to 902.5; New Hampshire, one to 500; Vermont, one to 536.6; Massachusetts, one to 927.9; Connecticut, one to 816.1; Pennsylvania, one to 765.5; Ohio, one to 749; Michigan, one to 649.3; Indiana, one to 693.6; Illinois, one to 713.5; Wisconsin, one to 939.4; Minnesota, one to 747; Iowa, one to 760; Nebraska, one to 225; Kansas, one to 457; West Virginia, one to 1041; Virginia, one to 900; North Carolina, one to 1000.7; South Carolina, one to 700; Georgia, one to 710.6; Florida, one to 342.2; Alabama, one to 1152; Mississippi, one to 800; Tennessee, one to 773.2.

Senator Brownlow, of Tennessee, has sold his interest in the Knoxville *Whig*, and says that henceforth he owns no part of any newspaper establishment in that State or elsewhere.

Governor Chamberlain's majority in the Maine election, September 13, is estimated at about 8000 over both the other candidates.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Emperor Napoleon was sufficiently recovered to appear in the streets of Paris September 16. Two days later he presided at a Council of Ministers.

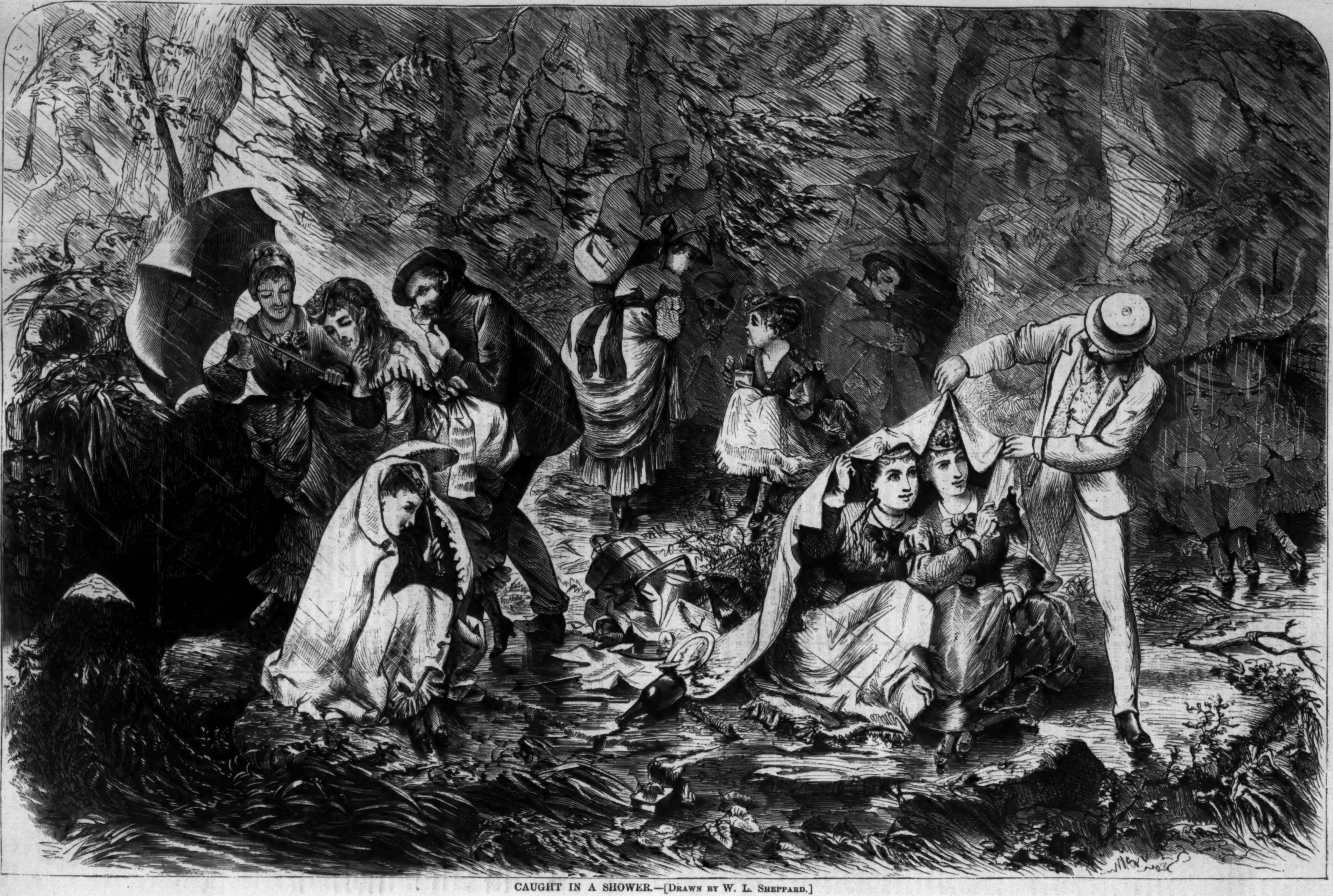
The remains of Lady Palmerston have been interred by the side of her husband's in Westminster Abbey.

A letter from Liverpool to the State Department at Washington states that a contagion called murrain, or hoof and mouth disease, has broken out among cattle in several parts of England. Although not as fatal as the rinderpest, all are called upon to exercise great care to prevent its importation into the United States.

Victor Emanuel has consented that his son, the Duke of Genoa, shall be a candidate for the Spanish throne. The prospects of the Duke of Genoa, as a candidate, are reported to be encouraging.

The Spanish press is quite excited on account of General Sickles's note to the Government intimating that the United States may shortly recognize the Cubans as belligerents. Some journals go so far as to say that he was appointed Minister to Spain simply because he favored the annexation of Cuba to the United States.

Thomas John Penn, the last descendant of William Penn, recently died in London.



CAUGHT IN A SHOWER.—[Drawn by W. L. Sheppard.]

THE HUMBOLDT CENTENNIAL.

The 14th of September—the centennial anniversary of the birthday of **Alexander Humboldt**—was celebrated generally throughout the country. In Boston there were three distinct celebrations, the most important of which was at the Music Hall, where Prof. **Agassiz** delivered an eloquent eulogium upon the scientific career of his great countryman and predecessor in science. But the most remarkable of the celebrations in this country took place at the New York Central Park, where was unveiled a bust of Baron **Humboldt**, of which we give an illustration on this page.

It is a somewhat singular fact, that the only busts that have yet been located in Central Park are those of **Schiller** and **Humboldt**, both Germans. This bust of **Humboldt** is said to be the best in existence. It was made by Prof. **Gustav Blaeser**, of Berlin, who was a friend of **Humboldt** in his lifetime, and who possessed the only mask ever taken of him. He has recently modeled a bust of **Humboldt** for the King of Prussia.

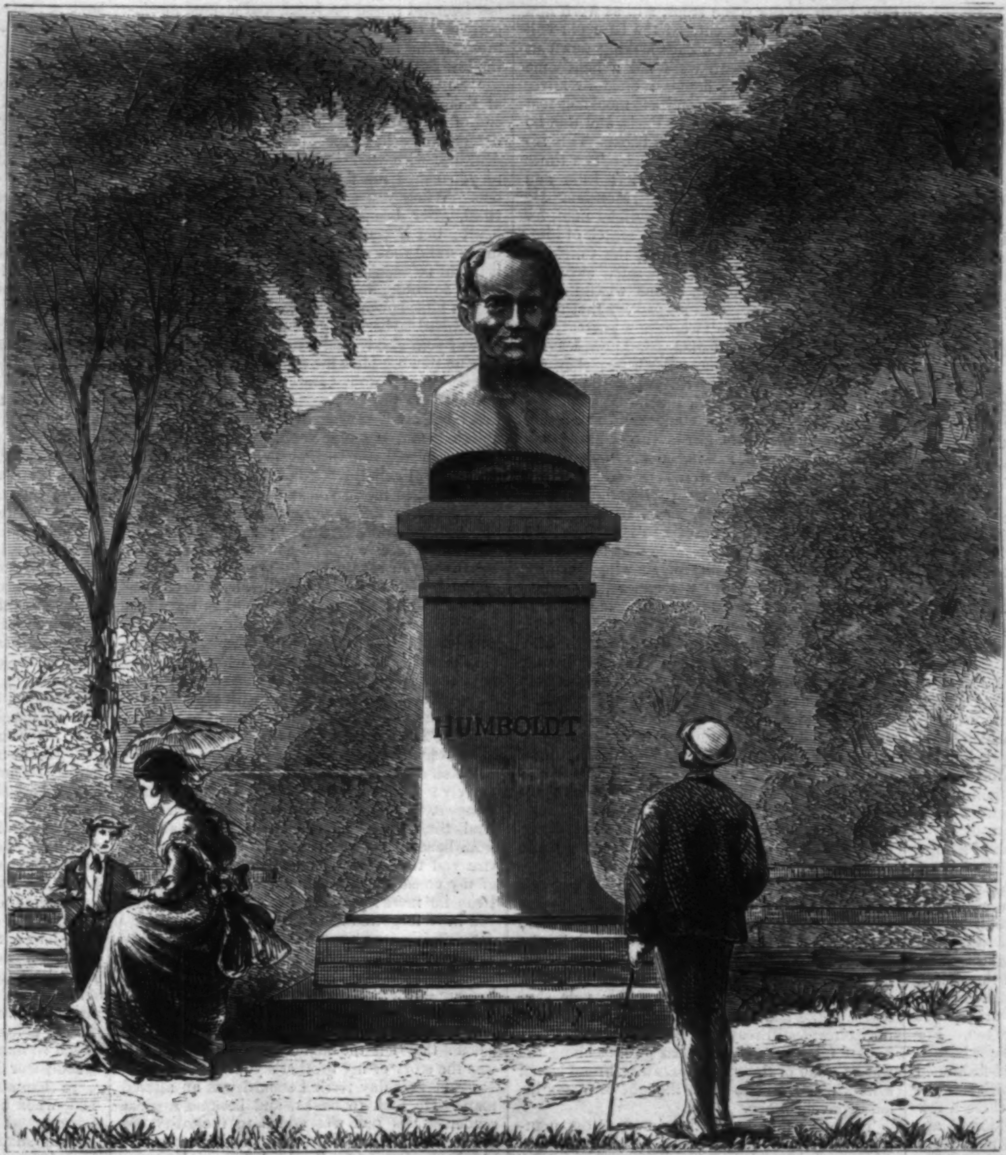
The bust of **Humboldt** in Central Park is located near the Scholars' Gate, at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street. It rests on a square pediment of granite, and has a total height of twelve feet from the ground. It is about three times the size of life, and presents a most attractive appearance. In front it bears the inscription, "**Alex. von Humboldt**;" on one side the name of the artist, "**Gust. Blaeser**—*fecit*, 1869;" and on the other the names of the makers, "**Georg Howaldt & Sohn**, geg. Braunschweig, 1869."

The number of persons present at the celebration was not less than 25,000. On either side of the bust a platform was erected, covered with a large awning, and hung around with bunting (the American and German flags intertwined). Small American flags also decorated the front and sides of these platforms. The one on the right was reserved to the speakers, the Committee of Arrangements, and the invited guests, and the other was appropriated to the reporters. The various singing societies, having filed into the Park, took places in front of the bust, the flags of these organizations being grouped together on the left of the orchestra, which was seated in front of the northernmost platform.

At 2 o'clock the assemblage was called to order by C. E. **Detmold**, Chairman of the Humboldt Monument Association, and after the orchestra had performed the overture to "Oberon," he formally presented the monument to the Commissioners of the Park, with an appropriate address. Then the statue was unveiled by **Fred. Kuehne**, consul at this port for the North German Confederation, and **William Aufermann**. **Andrew H. Green** replied to the presentation address, and his graceful speech was followed by a scholarly and elaborate address by Prof. **Francis Lieber**. Speaking of the appropriateness of locating the bust in this city, he said:

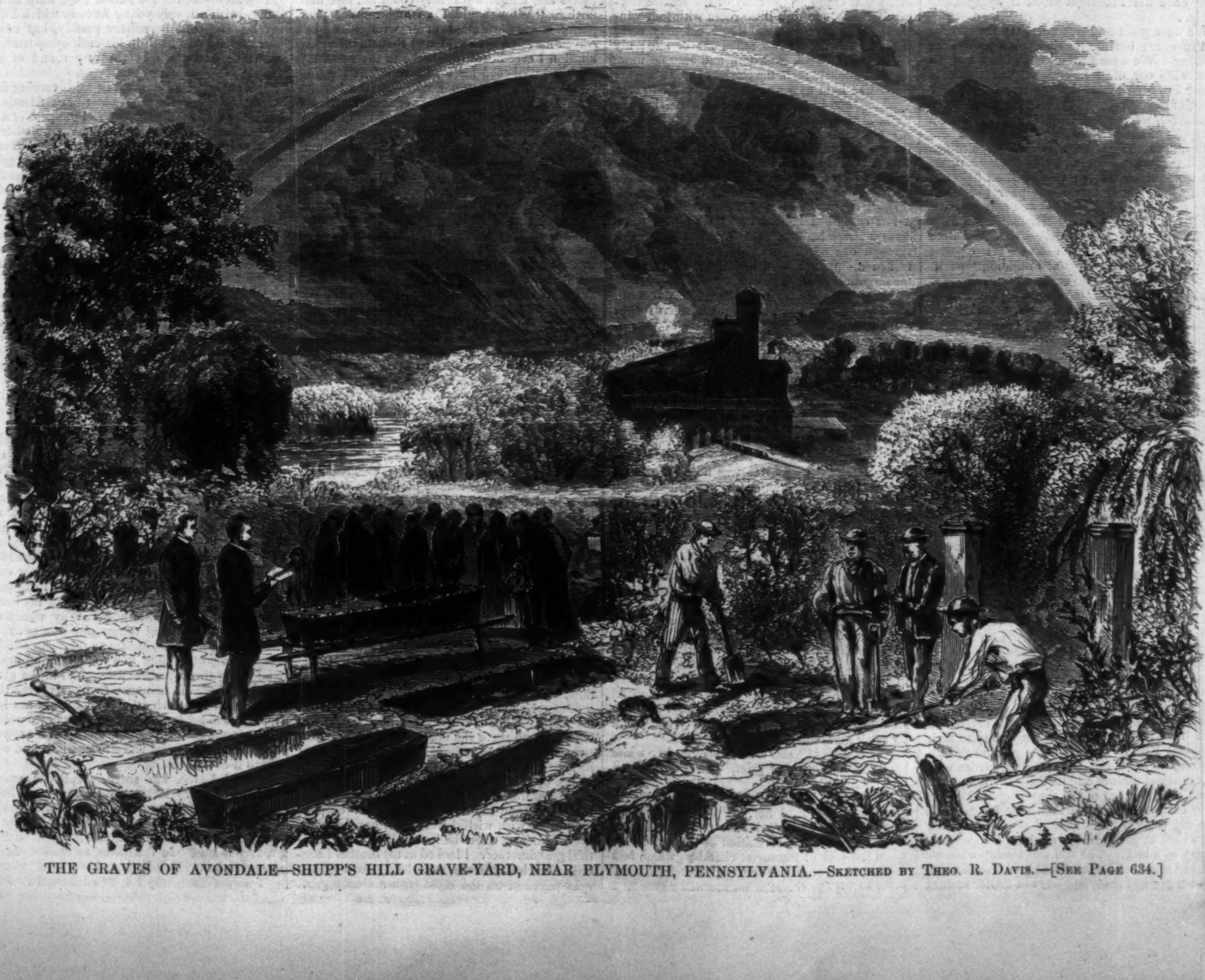
"**Humboldt**, though a German in the lineaments of his character and talents, was, of all modern men, the one whose endeavors, aspirations, and fame were least limited by national demarkations. If we take the word Catholic in a sense agreeable to its etymology, he was the most catholic man in modern times. Europe, Asia, and America were equally his by visit and discovery. He wrote scientific dissertations with equal satisfaction in German, French, and Spanish. New York is far the most international, or, as the Greeks would have expressed it, all-national place in the world, where Asiatics, Africans, and Europeans meet, traveling eastward or westward. This is the fitness, real and symbolical, of the place where we now stand, for the monumental image of **Alexander Humboldt**—a fitness which will be increased by the proposed Museum of Natural History to be established in yonder building, in former times an arsenal of the United States. A German collection of great value has already been purchased for this purpose, by means furnished by liberal citizens of ours; and the traveler, **Bickmore**, the pupil of **Agassiz**, the follower of **Humboldt**, will be the director of this collection."

It is now ten years since **Humboldt**'s death. The celebration of September 14 was not simply a recognition of his services to science, but also a tribute to the human intellect.



BUST OF BARON ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT, NEAR THE SCHOLARS' GATE, NEW YORK CENTRAL PARK.

[Photographed by Rockwood.]



THE GRAVES OF AVONDALE—SHUPP'S HILL GRAVE-YARD, NEAR PLYMOUTH, PENNSYLVANIA.—Sketched by Theo. R. Davis.—[See Page 634.]

MY BROTHER LEONARD.

By JULIA KAVANAGH.

IT has always seemed to me, since I passed those giddy but happy years of youth when we feel too much to care to think—it has, I say, always seemed to me, that some of us are born to act and to suffer, and others to sit passively and look on. From childhood upward to this present hour—when I sit writing alone, a white-haired woman, in an old château of Provence—to be the silent witness of my brother Leonard's life has been my lot. No lover ever came to me; no dream of love ever crossed my path. But I do not regret it; no, I do not regret it, though I am now a childless old maid, pale and withered. If love, with its blessings and its torments, had sought me, if a husband had taken me to another home than this, what should I have known of that shy and noble heart which grief never conquered, but a great joy broke and stilled forever!

According to the world's estimate my brother Leonard's life was not an eventful one. For in this, too, the parts allotted to the actors in the great drama of life are unequally divided. Some get the glorious destinies. Their star sets or rises in a sort of tempestuous splendor, and leaves a long track of light behind it through the dull pages of history. So far as I can see, they are not more noble, more heroic, more beautiful than others of whom there is no record, who live and die unremembered save by a few faithful hearts. But, after all, what matter? What is it to my brother Leonard in his grave if the world never knew that it lost in him a pure heart, chivalrous and true as that which once beat in the bosom of Bayard—of the knight who knew neither reproach nor fear, and who died in all honor after living without a stain? My brother Leonard never wielded lance or sword, but there are other battles fought in life than those in which blood is shed; and of all who ever struggled nobly against adverse fate, who knew how to bear defeat, or, harder still, how not to triumph over a conquered enemy, none were ever more worthy of honor than this unremembered man.

He was the eldest and I the youngest of a large family of children, all born in this old Provençal nest built on a rock above the Mediterranean Sea. It is a fair old manor enough, at least I think it so; I like its yellow sun-burnt front and the square tower which rises above its low roof, and its many tall windows, with small glass panes, which flash again in the fiery light of the setting sun. I like its broad view of an azure sea with a whitening horizon, and even the arid plains which surround our old home I like too. For in that desert our green garden is like a beautiful oasis, cool and shady. It is an old-fashioned garden—they have none such now—with straight alleys and clipped trees; here and there a few heathen statues, moss-stained and mildewed, appear in the bowers; and on the lawn, in front of the house, a slender fountain ever throws up its waters, howsoever hot the noonday sun may be. But why do I speak of all this? I am the last of the De Lansacs, and in my languid veins their once hot Provençal blood is dying away feebly.

We were great and rich once, say the records of Provence; but the religious wars proved our undoing. We were Catholics, and had many a fight with our old foes and neighbors, the De Sainte Foys, who held the new faith. We beat them, of course; but though we were fierce and revengeful, we scorned to enrich ourselves with the spoils of our enemies; and as they soon bent to the storm, the warfare which well-nigh ruined us left them rich. Better times came for them, and worse times for us; they married heiresses and throve, while we wedded poor girls, had large families, and got poorer and poorer. We had but a slender pittance left under the First Napoleon's reign, but we hated the De Sainte Foys, whose grand old château on the opposite hill went on adding wings and building "pavillons," while our poor old manor crumbled away. The sight of it fed our hate. As a child I looked at it with wrath; and even now, when it holds all that is dearest to me, I never care to gaze at its broad façade.

My brother Leonard and I were the only survivors of a large family, and many years divided us. Both our parents were dead, and we lived here alone with a maiden aunt, a pale, faded woman, such as I am now, who glided noiselessly about the old rooms and seldom spoke.

All the De Sainte Foys were handsome, and all the De Lansacs were tall. My brother was six feet high, a gaunt, thin young man, with harsh features, keen eyes, and heavy eyebrows. He was a great sportsman, yet most inconsistently tender-hearted. I never saw him strike his dogs, I never saw him hurt a fly; once his gun was out of his hands he was the gentlest of creatures. For all that he was a great hater. Especially did he hate the Corsican, as he called Bonaparte, and perhaps he hated him all the more that the De Sainte Foys were devoted to the new dynasty, and spent all their time in Paris. I remember the scornful looks my brother often cast on the closed windows of their château. "Just like them," he muttered. "Time-servers; any thing for money, any thing for rank; just like them!"

I was sent to a convent when I was ten years old, and I remained there till I was seventeen. The nuns were very kind to me, but spite their kindness I pined for my old home, and the sea dashing up the beach, and the green garden with its mutilated statues and its little fountain. So, when I stepped out of the convent-gates into the little carriole which had been sent for me with our old servant Saint Jean, I was, spite a few tears shed at parting from my kind companions, as gay as a lark. The sun was setting when we reached home. The sun-burnt land looked flooded with fire and gold, and our old manor seemed almost fresh and young again in the glorious light. I skipped lightly out of the little jolting car; I ran up the stone steps, still as worn and uneven as of yore; I entered the bare old hall with all the grim De Lansacs looking down at me from the walls—we were not a handsome family—and I felt the happiest creature alive, till my aunt, coming down stairs to meet me, told me that Leonard was away in Paris, and that no one knew when he would come back. This sobered me at once. I felt anxious. The times were troubled. Napoleon had left Elba and been conquered at Waterloo. Monsieur De Sainte Foy, I knew, was a proscribed man, for we had met a party of soldiers in search of him. Yet, surely—surely, my brother, the Corsican-hater, was safe! "Oh yes, quite safe," answered my aunt. Then, looking at me wistfully, she added, "Rose"—oh, what a mockery that name of mine seems now!—"we have a guest. Our old cousin the Viscount died, you know, leaving a widow and child almost destitute; they are both here, and are likely to remain. You will do well to be friendly with them. Madame De Lansac is a great beauty, and has been rather spoiled, and her little girl is very willful; but still," said my aunt, looking at me in that wistful way, "you will do well to be friendly with them." Youth is inclined to friendliness, and as my aunt's real meaning never once occurred to me, I cheerfully promised to be all that the beautiful Madame De Lansac could wish. I had no immediate opportunity of showing her how amiable I was; she did not appear, and when my aunt left me to attend to some domestic matters I remained alone.

But does solitude really exist for youth with the delightful companionship of its thousand dreams and hopes and wishes, which are ever flitting about it like gay motes in the noonday sun? Besides, could I feel lonely in the home of my childhood? I went up to my old room, and found it unchanged after all those years; then I ran down to the garden, so fresh and dewy in the pleasant evening; I explored every green nook, I looked fondly at the poor old statues and fancied that they looked back kindly at me. I was half crazy with the joy of being home again.

Of all the rooms in the manor there was one which, even as a child, I had dearly liked—the upper room in the square turret, whence there was a view of land and sea unrivaled in the province, it was said. Why should I not climb up to it now, like the Lady of Malbrouk in the ballad, and gaze at a blue sea and a pale sky, where white stars began to twinkle, though the horizon was still rosy with departed fires! Perhaps I might even see a boat gliding along the waters—one of those low boats with broad lateen sails which I had so often thought of in my inland convent home.

There is a broad central staircase in our manor, with steps of massive stone and balustrades of iron, which takes us to the highest floor of the house, and ends in a long corridor, full of doors, all leading to untenanted chambers save one, which gives access to the dark and narrow spiral stairs that climb up the body of the square tower, and take one to a little room with four windows and a terrace around it. I seldom go there now, for my breath has failed me of late; my sight, too, is weak and dim, and sees no more as it once beheld them the glories of God's world; but I was light as a bird then, ay, and as keen-eyed too, and in a few minutes I had reached the room in the tower. It was much altered from my childish remembrance of it. I had ever known it bleak and bare-looking, and now it bore manifest signs of being tenanted. There was a flask of wine on a table, and when I curiously lifted up an old piece of tapestry which divided the room in two, I saw with surprise a low camp-bed behind it. "I suppose some servant sleeps here," I thought, and stepping out through one of the windows on the terrace I looked around me with a delight which made me forget all else. The evening was very bright and clear, the sea lay calm and lovely beneath me, and far as the eye could reach there spread a noble land stretching to the base of purple-looking hills. It was very fine, but I had no time to linger over the beauty around me. I was roused by a sound of voices coming from the room within. Hiding behind the shutters of the open window I listened and peeped in.

"I tell you I can not," said a man's voice; "and I never said that I could. You must marry him."

The low weeping of a woman answered him. I saw the man first. He was no servant, as I had thought, but a gentleman, and, though long past youth, one of the handsomest men I had ever seen. He stood facing me with his arms folded across his breast, and a careless, defiant look in his dark eyes, that gazed steadily on the clear evening sky. The lady was leaning against the wall with one of her hands resting on a chair. I could not see her at first, but when she turned her face to me I was bewildered at her beauty. He was handsome, but enchanting loveliness are the only words that can describe her. If such she looked to me when overpowered by sorrow, what must she have been when gladness beamed from those deep blue eyes, and happy smiles played on that sweet young face with its cloud of golden hair! I had never seen two such handsome creatures out of the fairy tales, and I was all amazement to see them here.

"O Heavens!" she cried, clasping her white hands in an agony of grief, "have I betrayed him for that?"

"Why need he know it?" asked her companion, drawing toward her. I was very young, very innocent, and would not understand their meaning; but some revelation of it came to me when the door of the turret-chamber, which had remained ajar, opened, and my brother Leonard came in with such a look on his white face as I had never seen there before. She uttered a low cry, and starting back he turned pale as death; but Leonard raised his hand, and uttered an imperious "Hush!" which silenced them. For a moment the room was so still that I could hear the low dash of the water on the shore below.

"So that is the end," said Leonard, looking at them in sorrow and in scorn; "that is the end of trust and faith in man and woman. Do not answer—hear me both. Madame, I shall deal first with you. As the widow of my cousin you asked me for a home, and I gave you one. When you came to this house with your child, your beauty, I confess it, touched my heart; but if you had not one day given me to understand that you had seen my love, and that it might be welcome, I never should have wooed a lady so young and so beautiful as you are. On such a hint, however, I spoke, and was accepted. I promised to become your protector and the father of your child; and you, I suppose, agreed to be true to me. How have you kept your pledge? Speak—but no, do not answer; be silent—let not at least your lips be perjured, even though your heart is false." He ceased: he was dreadfully agitated, and the lady sobbed pitifully: but he soon recovered, and turning to her companion he said, almost calmly: "You, Monsieur De Sainte Foy, came to me in your peril, and, trusting to my generosity and honor, bade me revenge the old feud of our ancestors by saving your life. How did I receive you? Like a brother. And how have you repaid me? You know on what errand I went to Paris. Well, Sir, I have succeeded; you are pardoned. You can leave this house; you need its shelter no more. You can go back openly to your own home, where you, too, have a child, Sir, a boy, for whose sake you implored my compassion; but mark my words, do not forget to take this lady with you."

"I can not—I am married," sulkily said Monsieur De Sainte Foy, for the first time attempting to answer my brother.

"You are a widower, Sir," answered Leonard, gravely; "your wife died while I was in Paris. I repeat it, you can take this lady with you. And, Sir," he added, his eyes flashing angrily from beneath his heavy eyebrows, "let me advise you to do her justice. She is the widow of my cousin, and I will not see her wronged. I say no more; you are my guest, and though you have forgotten it, Sir, I remember it still."

So saying, he turned away and left them. My eyes were blind with tears, and my heart was full of sorrow for my brother Leonard. I stood a while looking down at the swelling bosom of the sea; then, when I was, or at least when I looked calm, I entered the room. The guilty pair had vanished: they left the manor that night, and this was the story of my brother's youth.

From that day forth Leonard was an altered man. He took to books, and became a great reader. His gun was added to the rusty old armor in the hall, and remained there unused; his days were spent in the library. His two hounds, Capitaine and Diane, used to go and seek him there, looking at him with wistful questioning eyes; but though they always got a caress and a kind word, they could not lure him forth. "Why should I go and murder poor harmless creatures that never wronged or betrayed me?" he once said, and that was the only allusion I ever heard him make to the treachery that had darkened his existence. The blessing of a long life was not granted to the betrayers. Both died within a year of their marriage. Young De Sainte Foy was brought up in Paris, and seldom came to Provence; his step-mother's child was adopted by a distant relation of her mother, and taken to Tours; she, too, married and died young; we never saw her. And thus time passed, and I became a sedate old maid, and after my aunt's death kept house for my brother Leonard, a hale and vigorous old man, whose locks were gray indeed, but whose step was as firm and whose eyes were as keen as ever. He was cheerful, too, and the joyous heartiness of his laugh was something to remember in a man of his years. We left home rarely, and the last time that business took us forth our return was made memorable by a very unforeseen event. We had been a week away, and I felt heartily glad when I saw once more the square tower rising above the yellow front of our old manor. Leonard, too, uttered a relieved "Ah!" as he helped me to alight, and Geneviève, our trusty old female servant, came forth to meet us with a beaming face.

"Thank Heaven!" she said, crossing herself, "it had seemed a hundred years since we had gone away, but all was right now, and the little girl had come quite safely, praised be Heaven! A real cherub! For though her grandmother had been foolish and wicked enough to marry a De Sainte Foy, the child—glory be to all the saints!—did not belong to that brood."

Here was news for us! The relations of that poor little orphan, our sixth or seventh cousin, had with rare coolness transferred her to us, and taken advantage of our absence to deceive poor Geneviève. Without uttering a word my brother opened the door of our sitting-room. It is a large room, with brown oaken walls and a polished floor. A stream of red sunshine from the west was pouring in through the farthest window, that at which I always sit, because it has a deep recess and a broad ledge on which I put my work. To this ledge the little stranger had climbed, and there she now sat in a forlorn attitude, with her feet gathered beneath her, and her little hands clasped around her knees. She might be six or seven years old. She looked fair as a lily in her deep mourning, and when she turned toward us, and shook back her yellow curls to look at us with wistful wonder in her deep blue eyes, I knew at once the lovely face of her beautiful grandmother. I looked at my brother Leonard. His heavy brows were bent, and his keen eyes fastened on the child with a steady gaze. He smiled, too, rather a grim ironical smile, which seemed to say, "So the traitress has come back to De Lansac after all." But the little thing returned his look very fearlessly, and, to my surprise, smiled up in his face, and never minded me.

We had not the heart to send her away. We kept her, and I soon loved her dearly. She was a good, lovely, and joyous creature. It was like having a bird, or a sunbeam, or any thing bright and gay, to have her in the house. Leonard never took the least notice of her; I sometimes fancied he did not see her, so unconscious did he seem of her presence. Yet of us two it was this cold and careless cousin whom the perverse child preferred. She would leave me any day to sneak after him. Lucie had been a year with us when Geneviève, who doted upon her, came in one afternoon with startled looks. The child was missing; she had been searched for over all the manor, and she was not to be found. My brother looked up from his book, and rose. I followed him up the central stairs, then up again in the tower to the chamber, which he unlocked, and there we found Lucie fast asleep in his chair, curled round like a faithful little spaniel waiting for its master.

My brother never said a word, but took her up and carried her down stairs, still fast asleep, and when Lucie woke below she was on his knee, in his arms, and from that day forth in his heart. They were seldom apart. If you heard my brother's stately step about the house, you also heard a pair of little feet pattering after him. His loud, cheerful laugh was ever echoed by a childish voice clear as a silver bell, and if he locked himself up in the library for an hour's lonely reading, his case was vain unless he also closed the window; for Lucie would climb up to the sill, jump down, and, stealing behind his chair, lay her rosy cheek to his and mingle her golden locks with his iron-gray curls. How could he help loving a creature so endearing—one who thought, felt, loved, and hated as he did, and who detested the De Sainte Foys as cordially as if she had been a genuine De Lansac? I tried to check the feeling: in the first place because it was unchristian, and in the second because the De Sainte Foys were in the shade just then. The son of my brother's betrayer lived in Paris, and squandered or gambled all his large property away. The old château itself would have gone if he had not died rather suddenly, leaving but one son, a young man of whom report spoke well, and who, after his father's death, came to Provence with the intention, it was said, of remaining. It seemed strange to see the windows of the old château open again after they had been closed so many years; but we got used to it.

Monsieur De Sainte Foy had not been back more than a month, and Lucie was about seventeen, when he unexpectedly called upon us one morning. I was working, Lucie sat by me unwinding silk, and my brother was reading, when our solitary man-servant, Jacques, came in, and with scared looks announced our unexpected visitor. We all rose to receive the hereditary enemy of our house. He was a very handsome young man—all the De Sainte Foys were handsome—with a manly young face, in which I did my best to read hereditary perfidy, but could not. There was truth in his dark eyes, truth in his smile, and truth in the very sound of his voice.

"Monsieur De Lansac," he said, coming forward, "our ancestors have not been friends, I am told; but I am young, I feel guiltless of the past, whatever it may be, and have no wish to cherish its resentments or its hatreds. I therefore come to you hoping that you will be so good as to grant your neighborly advice and friendliness to one who, though a stranger to this place, means to live and die in the home of those who have gone before him."

My brother smiled very kindly, and held out his hand, and thus a league of amity was struck between the last of the De Lansacs and the last of the De Sainte Foys.

I had always deplored the old feud, but I had my fears about this reconciliation; and when young De Sainte Foy, who did much need my brother's advice, became a frequent visitor at our house, I plainly told those fears to Leonard. Lucie was very lovely and very young. What if the young gentleman should be smitten with her, and win her heart! "Well, and if they should love, where would be the harm?" he replied, very kindly.

Ah! what changes time can bring in its train! My brother actually wished for this thing; and when months passed, and no sign of it appeared, I read disappointment in his looks. Well, I too was disappointed. They were both young, both handsome, both gifted and good, and both exactly suited to each other, as it seemed to me. I could not imagine how they met without pleasure and parted without pain, as unconcerned as if the magic of the word "Love" did not exist for them. Besides, I longed for a love-story. There had been none in my own life; my brother's had ended in bitterness. Why would not these perverse young things give me one? It would have been so pleasant to see them adoring each other, quarreling and making it up again, and going through their pretty idyl in the green garden of our old manor. I was sorry that they did not care for each other, and I could not help saying so to my brother one evening as we walked alone in the garden. Lucie was up in the tower; she had taken a great fancy to it of late, and went up to it every evening.

"And I, too, am sorry," replied Leonard, shaking his gray locks regretfully: "for, Rose, I like that young man very dearly; strange that a De Lansac should say so, is it not? But he does not care for the child, and love will be free. Where is she? In the tower, as usual. Let us go up to her. It feels close down here."

I do not know why I opposed Leonard's wish.

I seemed to have a presentiment of coming evil, and yet all I thought of was that the stairs were steep and high, and that the exertion would be too much for my brother. But he only laughed, and said he would go and see what stars the child was reading up there. He was soon tired, as I had foreseen, and obliged to rest on the dark stairs of the tower. A sound of voices from above came down to us. Lucie, if she was there, was not alone. I heard my brother breathing heavily.

"Leonard," I whispered, "let me go," for it was a man's voice that mingled with hers.

He did not answer, but he put me by; in a moment, as it seemed, he had reached the door and pushed it open. I followed him in. Lucie was alone in the room. Without looking at her, my brother went straight to the window, and said, calmly, "You may come in, Sir."

And thus summoned, young Monsieur De Sainte Foy left the balcony and entered the room. I looked at them both. There they were—the two ingrates—as I had seen them so many years before; beautiful and deceiving, again betraying the kind friend and the generous enemy; but they were younger than in those by-gone days, and I could read shame and grief on their two faces. My brother looked at them with the very look which I remembered—a cold and angry look; and he said, in a cold, hard voice:

"I have read somewhere that what has been is; that the same men and women live again and again to do the same deeds over and over, and I find the truth of it this day. You, Monsieur De Sainte Foy, came to me, your hereditary enemy, asking our old animosity to be forgotten; and when I opened my house to you, as if you had been one of its sons, you abused my hospitality. Even so did your grandfather act, Sir, when I saved his life many years ago. Hush! you will speak presently. You," he added, turning to Lucie, "have betrayed me, your adopted father, as she whose image you are betrayed me, her future husband; and, true to your destiny, you chose to do so with the descendant of the man to whom I was sacrificed. I, too, fulfilled my part in this repetition of an old story, for I was blind, trusting, and easily deceived. Well, as I acted before I shall act again. Let the lot you have chosen be your lot. You want this young girl, Monsieur De Sainte Foy? Take her! For the sake of the few drops of De Lansac blood which flow in her veins she may remain in the house till she becomes your wife; but I shall thank you both to have the wedding over quickly, and then let me see either of you no more."

Lucie buried her face in her hands, and sobbed pitifully; but the young man became crimson, and said, passionately,

"You wrong us, Sir; we have been imprudent, but treachery was not in our thoughts. I repeat it, you wrong us."

"Do you think I am angry?" replied my brother Leonard. "Why, you could not help yourselves. It was in your blood to betray me, and it was my lot to be deceived by you."

"Ah! do not say so," cried Lucie, attempting to detain him as he turned to the door; but he who had so loved her looked at her so coldly that she shrank back afraid. So we left them; and, turning back, I saw her sinking on a chair, pale as death, while her lover stood looking after my brother, gnawing his nether lip, as if he still smarted under the sting of those bitter words: "It was in your blood to betray me."

Sad and bitter were the days that followed this ill-fated evening. I attempted to say a few words for poor Lucie, but my brother's only answer was, "Keep her out of my sight till they are married."

He was a willful man—one, too, whom the memory of a great wrong had embittered. It was useless to dispute his commands, and I told Lucie so.

"I have deserved it," was her only answer; and she submitted, and kept out of his way.

The wedding was to be a speedy one, according to my brother's wish; but, oh! how joyless were the few preparations, and with how heavy a heart I made them! Three days before that appointed for the marriage I again tried to move Leonard. It was a clear and calm evening, and we sat together on the wooden bench in the bower where the dilapidated Pan is ever playing on a broken reed. I pleaded for the two culprits. I spoke of their youth, of the wish he had felt for their union, of forgiveness and indulgence. He heard me out, then said:

"I trusted them, and they deceived me without need, without cause. By what magic can I ever trust them again?"

I felt silenced. What is there, indeed, that can restore a lost faith? Still, I was seeking for some argument wherewith to move him, when we were both startled by a sound of steps on the graveled path. Lucie and young De Sainte Foy stood before us. My brother's pale, thin face took a slight hectic tinge, and he looked angrily at them both, but said not one word.

"Monsieur De Lansac," said the young man—and I had never seen a nobler and a more loyal look on man's face than I then saw on his—"we would not thus intrude upon you if we could help doing so, but we can not; be so good, therefore, as to bear with us for a few moments."

"Speak," impatiently said my brother.

"All we have to say is this: our love was born and ripened in ignorance; our interviews were the result of accident; we never designed to deceive you, or to betray your trust, and you have laid upon us the burden of a sin and a shame which, however much appearances may condemn us, we will not bear. We love each other very dearly, but having no other means to convince you, we have resolved to part forever rather than give you the right to think that we, the descendants of two who unhappily wronged you, have combined to betray you in your old age as you were betrayed by them in your youth. In your presence, therefore, and with her full consent, I give up all claim to this young lady's love. Here I bid her adieu forever, and let the bitterness of such a parting atone for the imprudence which has cost us both so dear."

I looked at Leonard; I could scarcely see him, my eyes were so dim with tears; but he replied, in a low bitter voice:

"Yes, the old man has but a few years to live. It will do to wait till he is in his grave, will it not?"

"Ah! we have not deserved this!" cried Lucie.

"No, we have not deserved it," answered her lover. "Sir, you wrong us very much indeed. A thought so cruel as that of waiting for your death never came to us. Our parting is to be irrevocable. My house and land are to be sold, and the first vessel which leaves Marseilles will take me to India. We may never meet again; and if we do, years will have passed over us—years and their changes. If you do not trust us, if you think we are acting a part and speculating on your grave, the sin be yours, not ours."

"Marvelous!" replied my brother Leonard, with a low, ironical laugh. "A young man gives up his mistress, a girl gives up her lover, and all for the sake of a gray-headed old man! Do not ask me to believe it."

"Sir, it is not merely for your sake that we part," said young De Sainte Foy, with an angry light in his dark eye; "it is also for the sake of our honor. Our error has sullied it, but our sacrifice shall redeem it; and you yourself, Sir, you our accuser, shall confess it."

My brother was staggered, but he would not relent.

"Yes, yes, I know," he said, impatiently; "you think I am one of those soft-hearted stage fathers, who forgive the sinners and bestow their blessing in the last act. You are mistaken. If Lucie gives you up, she must give you up entirely. Do you hear, both of you—entirely? I ask for no sacrifice; I expect none. But if you do give up this thing for the sake of your honor, you must not look back."

"We mean it so," answered the young man, in a low tone. "Lucie." He turned to her. She twined her arms around his neck; for a few moments they stood before us in the pale moonlight, clasped in so passionate an embrace that it seemed as if they could never again be sundered. Neither spoke, neither wept; but when I looked at them—so young, so fond, so noble, and so handsome—and thought that they were to part, I could not restrain my tears. My brother looked on unmoved, and uttered not a word of relenting. Young Monsieur De Sainte Foy at length put her by, and walked away without bidding us adieu. She stood looking after him, pale and tearless.

"Lucie," quietly said my brother, "you may call him back, if you repent your choice."

She looked at him swiftly, with a vague hope, poor child; but there was no relenting in my brother's eye, so her face fell a little, and she only shook her head, as much as to say, "I do not repent."

I have often wondered how my dear brother, so generous, so kind, could be so hard to these two. But he had trusted them entirely, and it pierced his very heart that they should have deceived him. Indeed, there was no reason why they should have done so. It must have been the waywardness of youth which allured them into this needless secrecy, giving sweetness to a hidden love. I could have made all these allowances for them, it seemed to me; but Leonard could not. He was hard because he was himself the soul of truth and honor, and he was unrelenting because the memory of his old wrong had never left him. It may also be, that in his secret heart he thought to try the two culprits for a time, and forgive them in the end; but it was not to be.

Lucie bore this great trial with quiet fortitude. She looked pale, and her old joyousness was gone; but if she grieved or wept, she kept both tears and sorrow to herself. To my brother she was as gentle and affectionate as ever. His manner to her was unaltered, save for a slight shade—a very slight shade—of more tenderness. I think my heart must have been young still in those days, for I kept on hoping to the last. I used to watch my brother Leonard's face, trying to read signs of pity or forgiveness in his harsh features, but I saw them not. Then, I confess it, I acted a little part. I would sigh deeply within his hearing, or look persistently at the château of the Sainte Foys, when we were all in the garden, or murmur a "Poor child!" whenever Lucie left the room; but my brother would not see, he would not hear—he never questioned me, nor gave me the opportunity I wanted. At length I got desperate, and spoke to him one evening.

"Leonard," I said, "will you not relent? Do you know that young De Sainte Foy's house and land are for sale, and will go to the highest bidder? Do you know that he sails for India to-morrow on board the *Memphis?*"

"You have seen him," said Leonard, knitting his heavy eyebrows, "and he has asked you to say all this to me?"

"I have seen him, but not spoken to him," I replied, a little angrily. "He is the shadow of his former self—so pale, so worn, so sad, has he grown at all this. Do not let him go, Leonard."

"He will come back when I am in my grave," answered Leonard, moodily. It was useless to argue. Mistrust had taken an iron grasp of him, and would not let him go again.

On the evening of the following day we missed Lucie. Geneviève told us that Mademoiselle had gone up to the tower; I guessed what had taken her there, but Leonard did not seem to think that she might wish for solitude, for he said to me, "Let us go to her."

Never shall I forget the sight that met us as we entered that ill-fated room. It was full of a broad ruddy glow which came from the sea, lighting up the coast for miles around; a vessel was on fire! My heart seemed to stand still in the horror of that moment, and yet how I remember the pale evening sky, with the round white moon, and Lucie's ghastly face and wild eyes, as she stood gazing on the cruel sight in mute despair!

My brother stared at the burning vessel. "God forgive me, miserable sinner!" he cried—"God forgive me!" And he sank back with a groan, and would have fallen but for me.

He never recovered that blow; for it was the *Memphis* whose destruction we thus witnessed, and young De Sainte Foy, who had sailed in her, was not among the few who escaped to tell her lamentable history. He was the last of his name, and with him ended the line of our hereditary enemies.

And Leonard, as I said, never recovered that blow. His vigorous old age gave place to decrepitude; his gray hairs grew white, his form was bent, his steps became feeble and unsteady. The knowledge that his mistrust and hardness had doomed that brave and true young man to a cruel death, and condemned Lucie, his darling, to go through the agony of such a grief, was more than he could bear. He brooded over the thought incessantly.

The weather was fine, and that part of the garden where he could sit and look at the château of the De Sainte Foys, now closed forever on its ancient tenants, was that which he liked best. He would sit there, gazing at the shut-up mansion for hours at a time. When I tried to rouse him from this bitter contemplation he only shook his head and said: "It was an old quarrel, a long quarrel; it lasted ages, but the De Sainte Foys had the best of it in the long-run, Rose. Far better perish on board the burning *Memphis*—better lose love and life for honor, than live to be a hard and revengeful old man." This was the thought that was killing him. "Make him forget," said the doctor whom I called in, "and then you may hope to save him."

Make him forget! I would have laid down my life for it—oh, how gladly!—but it passed my power; Lucie herself did her best, and failed. What she really felt and suffered she never showed. She was a generous little creature, and from the first she buried her grief deep in her heart, and kept it there fast locked from our view. Her one thought seemed to be to cling to Leonard. He no longer read now, though when he could not go to the garden to look at the château of the De Sainte Foys he would sit in the library with a book lying unread before him, his moody eyes ever seeming to gaze on the tragic ending of the ill-fated *Memphis*. But no more then than formerly could he escape Lucie. She would steal in upon him as she had so often stolen in her childhood, and lay her cheek to his fondly and silently. I do believe she had never loved him more tenderly than she did then, perhaps because of the same deep grief through which they both suffered, and which, as I saw with an aching heart, was wasting them both away. This had lasted three weeks—weeks long as years—when the end came. We were all sitting in the garden, I remember, in that very arbor where the poor god Pan is ever piping away, when Geneviève came up to us with startled looks.

"Monsieur!—Mademoiselle!" she gasped. "He is alive—here he is!"

My brother rose as with an electric shock. He strode toward her; he pushed her away, and then young De Sainte Foy stood living before us. "Sir," he said, "I did not mean to intrude upon you; but my life has been saved by a miracle, and as I am told that the report of my death has been a heavy trouble to you, I come—"

He did not go on.

"Thank God!" gasped my brother. "Thank God! But it is too much; ah! it is too much."

And it was too much indeed! The joy was too exquisite and too great for his true heart, for as he uttered the words he sank back on his seat and died. What sorrow, what faith betrayed and love lost had not done, the joy of seeing his hereditary foe safe and well before him did.

My little tale is told. I am very happy, for my dearest Leonard has only gone before, and the two whom we both loved so dearly are blest. Yes, I am happy; but you know now what I meant when I said that the lot of some is to suffer, and that of others to look on. This was certainly my lot, and maybe that is why, though so happy, I sometimes feel rather useless. My part is ended, and all I can do now is to remember what I can see no more. Be it so; memory, too, is sweet.

LORD PALMERSTON'S DIARY.

The private diary of Lord Palmerston has been discovered. It commences when he was sixteen years of age, and it ends at the close of 1830, when he assumed office as Foreign Secretary. No continuance of the diary has been found. It seems to have been originally designed in its present form chiefly to explain why he left the Tories and took office under the Whig Earl Grey; a change which, according to Lord Palmerston's chivalrous sense of honor, could only be justified by the fact that he was himself deserted by the party, when he was unseated for the University of Cambridge, for voting in favor of Roman Catholic Emancipation, although there had been an established compact, according to which that subject was to have been an open one. The diary will explain that his long term of service as Secretary at War was not from the want of many overtures to accept higher offices. His lordship was importuned by Mr. Perceval, as Mr. Pitt's successor at Cambridge, to assume Mr. Pitt's office of Chancellor of the Exchequer. But George IV. thought that he should find a more pliant Minister in Mr. Herries, and Mr. Canning was compelled, after a visit to Windsor, to make an awkward apology to Lord Palmerston, by offering him a British peerage and the Governorship of Jamaica.

Lord Palmerston's diary is written in a hand only a little less firm and graceful than Walpole's, but it is quite as legible. It is not a mere record of facts, but a gallery of pictures and sketches, in all of which are clearly to be seen the style of an accomplished master. It is, besides, something more. A scene between the writer and the Duke of Wellington, when Mr. Huskisson's dismissal or his being retained was in dispute, is of the very highest and finest style of serious comedy: graphic, dramatic, and so lifelike that the actors seem bodily before us.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Very Sieve-ere.—Here we read of a clever invention: A private soldier in California has invented a new method of skimming milk. He fits a fine gauze sieve to a hoop of the size of the pan. The milk is then poured into the pan so as to a little more than cover the sieve. When the cream has risen the hoop is lifted, and the cream is thus completely removed. We fear the invention is not likely to come into use in New York. The sieve would have a sinecure, for to attempt to remove cream from New York milk would be like shaving a pig for wool—*Shear* nonsense.

Were I court-plaster, I would be
A patch upon her lip,
And spend my life in ecstasy,
And sip, and sip, and sip!

Were I a pair of spectacles,
How dearly would I prize
A situation on her nose,
To gaze into her eyes!

A Good Layer.—An enthusiastic poultry-keeper writes to suggest that the *Great Eastern* should be now called the *Great Hen*, because it has laid so many cables, and brought some of them up, too!

Little Howard came into the room where his mother had just hung up a clean curtain, and made the astute observation, "Oh, ma, the window has got on a clean shirt!"

An old writer gives the following as the amount of sleep demanded:

"Nature requires five;
Custom gives seven;
Laziness takes nine;
And wickedness eleven."

In view of the continually increased recurrence of railway accidents, the following resolution should be adopted by our State Legislatures:

Whereas, human flesh and blood are not valued upon railways so highly as they should be, and this is one of the chief reasons why accidents occur,

Be it enacted, therefore, that no signalman, or guard, or any other servant, shall work on any railway more than eight hours in the twenty-four, which constitute a day.

Be it enacted further that, with the view to the encouragement of proper care and caution, Directors shall be personally liable for damages, to be assessed according to the schedule here annexed:

SCHEDULE.

A Black Eye	$50
A Jammed Finger	100
A Bruised Funnybone	500
A Sprained Ankle	1000
A Fractured Rib	2000
A Broken Leg	5000

Be it enacted, also, that in case of loss of life an annuity of not less than five hundred dollars a year shall be paid by the Directors out of their own pockets, and not those of their shareholders, to each child of the deceased, together with a pension of one thousand dollars a year to the widower or widow of deceased, if such survive.

"The woman question"—What shall I get for a fall bonnet? The "man question"—Where shall I get money enough to pay for it?

Mrs. Partington, in illustration of the proverb, "A soft answer turneth away wrath," says "that it is better to speak paragorically of a person than to be all the time flinging epitaphs at him."

The Rations that Support Policemen—Corporations.

A judge and a joking lawyer were conversing about the doctrine of transmigration of the souls of men into animals. "Now," said the judge, "suppose you and I were turned into a horse and an ass, which would you prefer to be?" "The ass, to be sure," replied the lawyer. "Why?" asked the judge. "Because," was the reply, "I have heard of an ass being judge, but of a horse, never."

A PRETTY MAIDEN'S SOLILOQUY.

Oh, dear me! I
Am ready to cry,
And it sometimes seems as though I should die:
Nobody knows
The number of woes
That beset such a maiden as I.

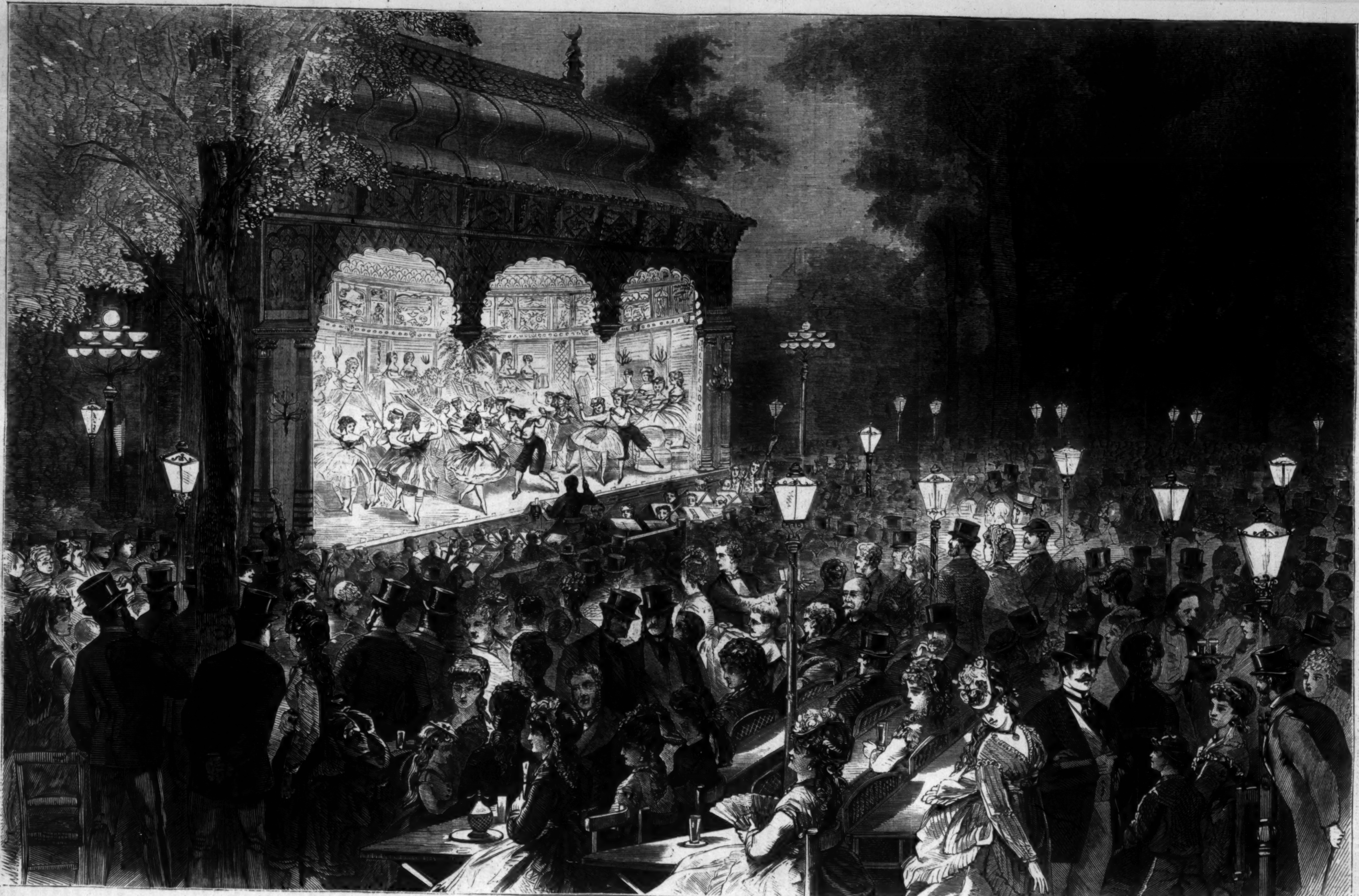
They call me a flirt,
And try to convert
Me into a hateful, contemptible prude;
If they don't mind,
I think they will find
That I'll soon teach them what to conclude.

As for the beaux,
Heaven only knows
Why they seem so determined to prosecute me;
What under the sun
I ever have done
To make them act so, I can't see.

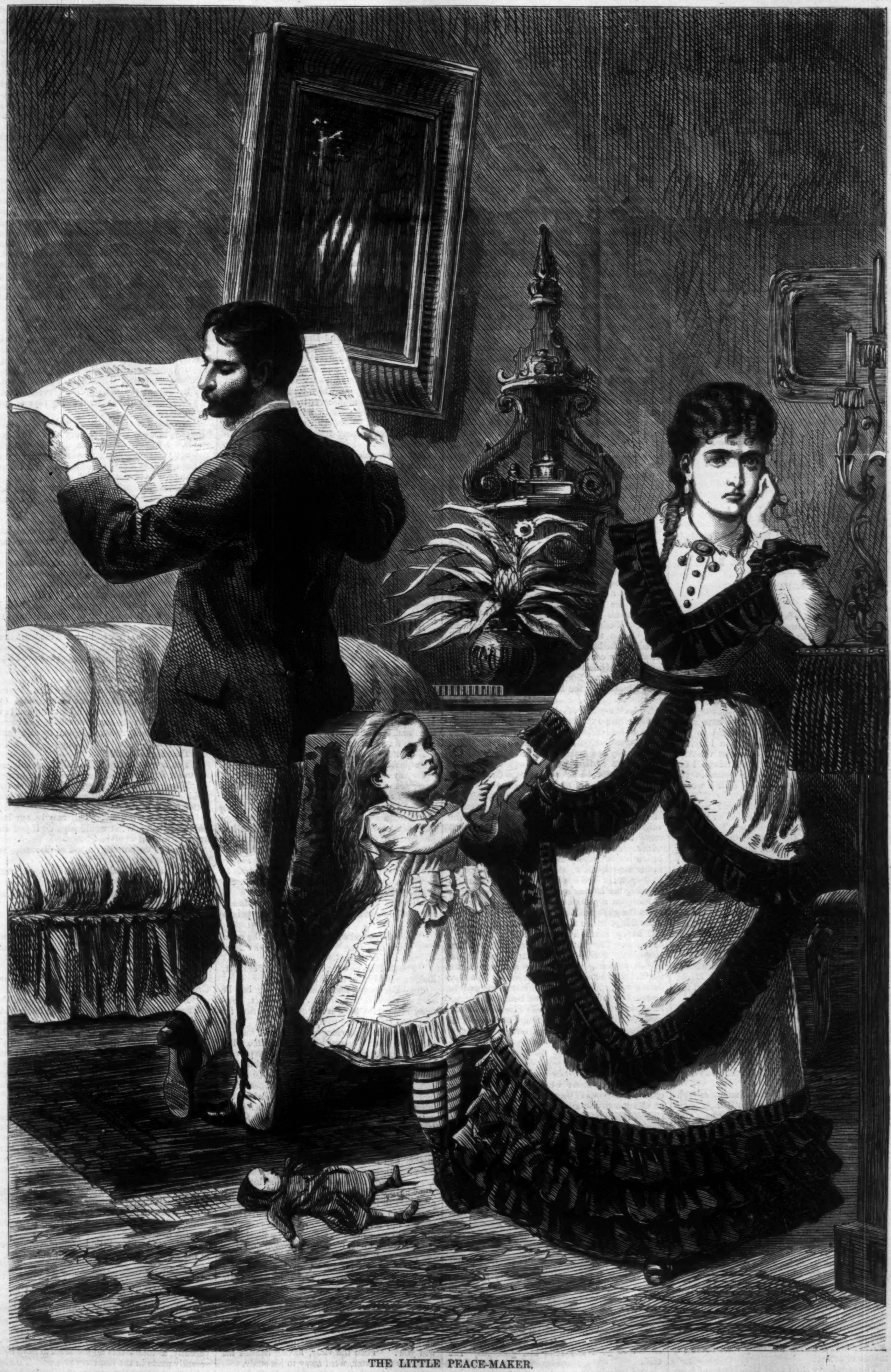
If they ask me to ride,
Or to walk by their side,
Whenever I think they're about to propose,
I manage the thing—
Contriving to bring
The subject at once to a close.

But then if I wait
It may be too late—
For men are but fickle at best (so they say);
I think I'll decide
(Oh dear! how I'm tried)
To accept one without more delay.

Now John will be here
To-night, without fear,
It will be very easy to just tell him "yes;"
But his hair is so light,
And his whiskers too bright—
He'll wait a while longer, I guess!



AN OPEN-AIR THEATRE IN PARIS.—[See Page 637.]



THE LITTLE PEACE-MAKER.

SEPTEMBER.

FLASH out, thou glowing ember
Of a year that is expiring,
With the flame of red September
The maple woodlands firing;
With the sparkle and the glinter,
And the flush of royal wine,
Warm our chilly hearts ere Winter
Shall seal thee with his sign.

The sumach bush is turning
To gold and crimson splendor,
The maple woods are burning
Far in the distance tender;
The tinted hill-sides glimmer
Within a purple haze,
Their brightness growing dimmer
As fade the Autumn days.

The vines, in gorgeous tangle,
O'er hoary rocks are trailing,
Each roughened point and angle
With brown and scarlet veiling;
And where the pine-tree towers
The purple asters bloom,
Lifting their starry flowers
To light the emerald gloom.

The apple-tree commences
To shed its fruitage mellow,
Beside the orchard fences
The golden-rod is yellow;
And all the green things growing
Have ripened to their fall,
With Autumn sunsets glowing
And golden over all.

Flame higher, fading ember
Of a year that now is dying,
While the hues of red September
Are on the hill-sides lying;
In the beauty and the sweetness
Of these perfect Autumn days
Crown all the year's completeness
With a coronal of praise.

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

In Five Books.—Book I.

CHAPTER X.

THE GAUNTLET.

SIR JOHN GALE, after his first appearance in the vicar's parlor, came daily to sit there.

His afternoon visit became an established custom, and, after the second time, it seemed as though he had been familiar there for years.

He grew stronger very quickly. It was not long before he began to speak of departing. There seemed, indeed, to be no valid reason why he should linger at the vicarage. And yet he staid on.

"I shall go abroad as soon as we have some assurance of milder weather," he said to Mr. Levincourt. "Spring is delicious in Italy. I shall wait, however, until I hear that the Alps are not *too* impassable; for, of all things, I detest a sea voyage, and the two hours in the Channel are always worse to me than a week's land traveling. Meanwhile—"

"Meanwhile, why not remain here?" said the vicar. "There is no need for you to make a move until you set off for the south."

To this Sir John Gale replied that his intrusion at Shipley vicarage had already been long enough; that he should never forget his host's kindness, but it behooved him not to trespass on it too far; that, although he certainly had no ties of friendship or relationship which specially claimed his presence just then in any other part of England, he must nevertheless make up his mind to say farewell to Shipley as soon as the doctor's permission to travel could be obtained.

All this, and more to the same purpose, said Sir John Gale. And yet he lingered on.

The spring set in early, after a severe winter. By the beginning of April there came soft, bright days, with a southerly breeze which tempted the inmates of the vicarage forth from the house.

Some such days immediately followed the dinner-party at Mrs. Sheardown's.

One afternoon Sir John, beholding from his chamber window Miss Levincourt strolling in the garden, presently ventured forth to join her.

"May I walk here, Miss Levincourt?" he asked, pausing at the threshold of the glass door that led into the garden.

"Oh, by all means! But is it sunny enough here? The evergreens give a very damp shade. If you are not afraid to venture further, you would have more warmth and a southern aspect there, beyond the gate."

So Veronica and her father's guest wandered slowly on and on, looking out over the common dappled with cloud shadows, gazing at the far, hazy horizon, pausing now and again for a moment, but still proceeding in their course until they reached the church-yard of St. Gildas.

Sir John declared that the balmy air was a cordial that did him more good than any medicines. Still, warm as it was for the season, he dared not sit in the church-yard to rest, and, as he turned to go back, he was evidently tired.

A frown darkened his face. "I ought not to have come so far without Paul," he said. "I am still so dev—so unaccountably weak."

"It is my fault!" exclaimed Veronica. "Let me be Paul's substitute." She offered Sir John the support of her arm with perfect tact and self-possession, as though it were the most natural and ordinary proceeding in the world.

After that occasion the daily walk became a matter of course.

The temporary absence of Miss Desmond from the vicarage was by no means regretted by Sir John. In truth, he did not like Maud. Some word to that effect escaped him in speaking to Veronica.

"You must not say that to papa, Sir John," said she, looking quietly up at him.

"Say what?"

"That you do not like Miss Desmond."

"Of course not. I never said so to any one. It would be untrue. Miss Desmond is a very charming young lady, very charming and very young, and perhaps her youth explains a slight touch, the very slightest touch, of—self-sufficiency. We grow tolerant and skeptical as we get older. Hélas!"

"Maud is not self-sufficient. She is only very earnest and very honest."

"Miss Desmond is happy in having so warm and generous a friend. And pray do not accuse me of any want of respect for Miss Desmond. I have no doubt that she possesses the most admirable qualities; only her manner is a little—a little hard and chilly, if I may venture to say so."

"At heart she is really very impulsive."

"Is she?"

"But she has great self-command in general."

"I am bound to say that she must have. Any thing less impulsive than Miss Desmond's manner I have seldom seen. But forgive me. I will not say another word that shall even seem like disparagement of one for whom *you* entertain so warm an affection."

Sir John spoke with a winning deferential softness of manner, and looked with undisguised admiration into the beautiful face by his side.

Such looks were now not rare on his part. Veronica, in her retrospective meditations, could recall many such glances; could recall, too, many soft words, so soft as to be almost tender, spoken in her ear during the afternoon stroll in meadow or garden. She was flattered and touched by the deference toward herself of this man, whose character she perceived to be imperious, almost arrogant, to the rest of the world.

Others had been admiring and deferential before now. Mr. Plew would endure her scornful raillery with abject submission; but then Mr. Plew was habitually submissive to every one, and was, after all (she reflected), a very insignificant individual indeed.

That young man, that Mr. Lockwood, the other evening had shown himself very sensible to the fascinations of her brightness and her beauty. He was not abject, truly. No; he was manly and modest, and he looked, and spoke, and moved in a way which showed that he thought himself the equal of any one among Captain Sheardown's guests. Nevertheless, in Veronica's apprehension, he was not so. Although she had chosen to put down Emma Begbie's ill-breeding, she had been, to a certain degree, mortified by her contemptuous tone.

Sir John Gale was a different kind of person from this young Lockwood, whose father had been educated by the bounty of Admiral Sheardown.

To be "my Lady Gale!"

The words rang in her ears. She whispered them to herself in the solitude of her chamber. Wealth, station, and all that was alluring to the girl's vanity and ambition, were in the sound.

In those earliest years of existence during which, as some think, the deepest and most abiding impressions are made on the character, the ideal of happiness held up before Veronica's eyes was an essentially ignoble one. The possession of such delights as may be summed up in the vulgar word "finery" she was directly or indirectly taught to look upon as an aim to be attained. As she grew older, and the life that lay before her in Shipley-in-the-Wold became clear to her apprehension, an eating discontent took hold upon her like a slow poison. At times, in recalling her mother's stories of her young days in Florence, a passion of envy and longing would make the girl's heart sick within her. Not that those things which had made Stella Barletti gay and happy would have altogether satisfied her daughter. The latter had more pride and less simplicity. Stella liked to "far figura," as the Italian phrase goes; to make a figure in the world. But her ambition never soared on a very daring wing. She was perfectly contented to accept Russian hospodaresses laden with emeralds, or even Princesses Della Scatoli da Salsa, crowned with paste diamonds and enameled with effrontery, as her social superiors, and to enjoy the spectacle of their real or sham splendors exactly as she enjoyed the spangles and tinsel of the ballet in carnival.

Not so Veronica. She would willingly be second to none. There were moments when the chance mention of Maud Desmond's family, or an allusion to the glories of the ancestral mansion at Delaney, made her sore and jealous. She would even be rendered irritably impatient by Maud's simple indifference on the score of her ancestry; though the least display of pride of birth on the part of her father's ward would have been intolerable to Veronica's haughty spirit.

Yet Veronica was no monster of selfish consistency. She was often visited by better impulses and a longing for a nobler aim in life. But the first shock of practical effort and self-denial repulsed her like a douche of ice-cold water. There came no reaction, no after-glow, and she shrank back shivering, with a piteous cry of, "I *can not* be good."

She knew herself to be wretchedly dissatisfied. And, although her youth and bodily health at intervals asserted their elasticity, and broke forth into a wild flow of gayety and good spirits, she was yet, at nineteen years old, secretly consumed by dreary discontent.

Then she told herself that it was easy for happy people to be good. "If I were but happy, I should be good and kind and generous," she said.

And latterly the thought had taken possession of her that it would make her happy to become my Lady Gale.

Opportunity is the divinity which shapes the ends of most love affairs, let them be rough-hewn how they will. Under the favoring influence of residence beneath the same roof, daily walks together, and evenings spent in each other's society, the intimacy between the vicar's daughter and the stranger sojourning in her father's house grew rapidly. The disparity of age between them offered no obstacle to the familiarity of their intercourse.

There are some men who accept the advance of age, and even make a step to meet it; there are others who painfully and eagerly fend it off; again, there are some who simply ignore it. To this latter category belonged Sir John Gale. You could not say that he indulged in any undue affectation of juvenility. He merely seemed to take it for granted that such affectation would have been entirely superfluous.

From the first moment of seeing Veronica he had been struck by her remarkable beauty. And not the least attraction in his eyes was the contrast between her character and her position.

"Who the deuce would have dreamed of finding such a girl as that in an English country parsonage!" he said to himself.

In their conversations together Veronica had spoken of her mother's early life, and had not attempted to conceal her own longing to quit Shipley-in-the-Wold, and Daneshire altogether, for other and brighter scenes. He had noted, with a sort of cynical good-humor, the girl's aspiration after wealth and display; her restless discontent with the obscurity of the vicarage; the love of admiration which it required no very acute penetration to discover in her. But these traits of character were by no means distasteful to Sir John. Coupled with a plain face or an awkward manner they would have—not disgusted so much as—bored him. United to rare beauty and a quick intelligence they amused and attracted him. And then, to complete the spell, came that crowning charm without which all the rest would have wasted their sweetness on Sir John Gale: the fact that this young, brilliant, and beautiful girl desired very unmistakably to be pleasing in his eyes.

> If she be not fair for me,
> What care I how fair she be?

might have been said, and said truly, by the baronet, respecting the loveliest woman ever cast in mortal mould. Time and self-indulgence, in proportion as they had indurated his heart, had rendered his egotism more and more keenly sensitive.

It gratified his egotism to be, from whatever cause, an object of attention to Veronica. He cared not to ask himself whether she would have lowered her beautiful eyes to have regarded him for an instant had he been poor and obscure. His wealth and rank were part of himself; inseparable from that capital I, which filled up for him so large a space in God's universe.

"The girl would make a furore if she were known," he said to himself. "Her coloring, hair, and eyes are perfect. And she has spirit enough for Lucifer!"

Nevertheless he had not gauged the height of Veronica's ambition.

Day by day, and hour by hour, the attraction exercised over him by her beauty grew stronger.

"You are not such a votary of Mrs. Grundy as your friend," he said to her one day.

"As Maud?" answered Veronica, laughing. Then she continued, with a disdainful toss of her head, "No, truly; I suppose my Italian blood renders me incapable of worshiping at that shrine. Dio mio! Life is so short! And so little sweet! Why embitter it voluntarily with Mrs. Grundy?"

"Yet in your heart—confess now—you are a little afraid of her?"

"I might answer you as you answered Maud: am I a pickpocket to be afraid of the policeman?"

"Miss Desmond's retort did not hit the case. The policeman merely *administers* laws: Mrs. Grundy makes them."

"She shall make none for me," said Veronica, looking very handsome in her scorn.

Sir John gazed upon her curiously; but he said no more at that time. The subject, however, seemed to have a peculiar attraction for him, and he returned to it frequently.

On the Friday morning preceding the Sunday fixed for Maud's return home there came a letter to the vicar from his ward. The purport of it was, to ask his leave to stay a short time longer at Lowater House. There was to be a concert at Danecester, to which Mrs. Sheardown had promised to take her. At the end of the letter were a few words about Hugh Lockwood.

"Do you know, Uncle Charles," wrote Maud, "that Mr. Lockwood knows my Aunt Hilda? He heard accidentally that I was a niece of Lady Tallis, and he then mentioned that he and his mother had made her acquaintance at a watering-place three or four years ago; and that Mrs. Lockwood and my aunt became quite intimate. They have not seen her for a long time; but she promised to let them know whenever she came to London. I can not have seen Aunt Hilda since I was seven years old, when she came one day to see poor mamma; yet my recollection of her is a correct one, for Mr. Lockwood describes her as a small, slight woman with delicate features and beautiful eyes. This is just what I remember. Only he says she is now sadly faded."

"Dear me!" said the vicar, "odd enough that these Lockwoods should have come across Lady Tallis! Here is a postscript for you, Veronica, asking you to send back some dress or other by Captain Sheardown's man. See to it, will you?" Then the vicar, having handed his daughter the letter, went away to his study.

Veronica read the letter from beginning to end. She read it more than once. There was a good deal in it about that Hugh Lockwood, she thought. She remembered what Miss Begbie had said about him, and her lip curled. *She* care for the attentions of such a one as Mr. Hugh Lockwood! Emma Begbie should change her tone some day. *Pazienza!*

Veronica got together the articles for which Maud had asked, and as she did so she scarcely knew whether she were glad or sorry that Maud was going to remain a while longer at Lowater House.

"Dear old Maudie! I hope she will enjoy herself." Then she wondered what Maud would say to her daily walk with Sir John Gale, and whether Maud would perceive the growing devotion of his manner toward herself. And then she looked in the glass with a triumphant smile. But in a moment the blood rushed up to her brow, and she turned away impatiently. Was she afraid in her secret heart, as Sir John had said? No; not afraid of the gossiping malice of the world; not afraid of Mrs. Grundy. But she had a latent dread of Maud's judgment. Maud had such a lofty standard, such a pure ideal. Bah! People all wished to be happy; all strove and struggled for it. She, Veronica, was at least honest to herself. She did not gild her motives with any fine names. She longed to be happy in her own way, instead of pretending to be happy in other people's way.

That very afternoon, Sir John Gale announced that Mr. Plew had told him he might quite safely venture to travel. He made the communication to Veronica as they stood side by side leaning over the low wall of St. Gildas's church-yard, and looking at the moss-grown graves, all velvety and mellow under the slanting rays of the declining sun.

"Mr. Plew was very hard and cruel," said Sir John, in a low voice. "Very hard and inexorable. I tried to hint to him that my strength was not yet sufficiently recovered to render my taking a journey a safe experiment. But it was in vain. Was he not cruel?"

Veronica stood still and silent, supporting her elbow on the low wall of the grave-yard, and leaning her cheek on her hand.

"Was he not cruel, Veronica?"

His voice sank to a whisper as he uttered her name, and drawing nearer, he took the unoccupied hand that hung listlessly by her side.

Her heart beat quickly; a hundred thoughts seemed to whirl confusedly through her brain. But she stood immovably steady, with her eyes still turned toward the green grave-yard.

"I—I don't know. I suppose—I should think not. You ought to be glad to be well enough to go away."

He drew yet nearer, and pressed the hand that lay passive in his clasp.

"You think it natural to be glad to leave Shipley?"

"Very natural."

"You hate this place and this life. I have seen how uncongenial all your surroundings are to you. You are like some bright tropical bird carried away from his native sunshine, and caged under a leaden sky. Leave it, and fly away into the sunshine!"

"That is easily said!"

"You are not angry?" he asked, eagerly, as she made a move to walk back toward the house.

"Why should I be angry? But the sun is sinking fast, and papa will expect me. We had better return to the house."

"Stay yet an instant! This may be our last walk together. What would papa do if you did not return home at all?"

"Really I do not see the use of discussing so absurd an hypothesis."

"Not at all absurd. It must happen some day."

"There is Catherine at the gate, looking for us. I must go back."

"Ah, Veronica, you *are* angry with me!"

"No."

"Then it is the shadow of Mrs. Grundy that has darkened your face. Why does she come between poor mortals and the sunshine?"

"Nonsense!"

"I told you that you were afraid of Mrs. Grundy in your heart."

"And I told *you* that you were mistaken."

They had been walking toward the house, side by side, but apart, and had by this time reached the little iron wicket which gave access to the lawn. Here Sir John paused, and said, softly: "Well, I have been obedient. I have come home; or rather, you came, and I followed. Perhaps there was no great merit in that. But, Veronica, if you are not angry that I have dared to call you so, give me a token of forgiveness."

"I have told you that I am not angry."

"Yes; but you say so with your face turned away. Not one look? See—that glove that you are pulling off—give me that."

"Pray, Sir John!" murmured Veronica, hurrying up the gravel path, "I request that you will not touch my hand. The servant is there, within sight."

"The glove, then! Fling it down as a gage of defiance to Mrs. Grundy, if you refuse to give it as a token of pardon to me!"

She ran past him quickly, up the steps and into the house.

As she entered it a little brown glove fluttered in the air and fell at the feet of Sir John Gale.

THE GRAVES OF AVONDALE.

ON the outskirts of Plymouth, near the scene of the recent colliery disaster, there is an old grave-yard known as Shupp's Hill, of which we give an illustration on page 629. It is full, apparently, as interments do not seem to have been recently made in the cemetery proper. Tangled briers grow about the graves, and thistles higher than one's head wave to and fro, while the golden-rod lifts its bright flowers above the most pretentious marble slab. The fences had to be removed to make room for such of the victims of the Avondale calamity as resided in the immediate vicinity of the colliery.

On Thursday afternoon, September 9, the first bodies were brought to this place for interment. Widows and orphans, townspeople, and strangers were assembled on the knoll. The burial-service in the Welsh language was quickly over, and just as the crowd was dispersing a bright, beautiful rainbow was set among the clouds. Far in the distance is the Nanticoke Gap, near which the smoke may be seen to arise from the ruins of the Avondale breaker.

Many of the bodies of the miners were taken direct from Avondale to Scranton and other towns, whence they had come to work in the Avondale Colliery. The Shupp's Hill graveyard is the burial-place nearest to the scene of disaster.

HEAT FROM THE MOON.

A long-vexed question—one which astronomers and physicists have labored and puzzled and even quarreled over for two centuries at least—has at length been set at rest. Whether the moon really sends us any appreciable amount of warmth has long been a moot point. The most delicate experiments had been tried to determine the matter. De Saussure thought he had succeeded in obtaining heat from the moon, but it was shown that he had been gathering heat from his own instruments. Melloni tried the experiment, and fell into a similar error. Piazzi Smyth, in his famous Teneriffe expedition, tried the effect of seeking for lunar heat above those lower and more moisture-laden atmospheric strata which are known to cut off the obscure heat rays so effectually. Yet he also failed. Professor Tyndall, in his now classical "Lectures on Heat," says that all such experiments must inevitably fail, since the heat rays from the moon must be of such a character that the glass converging-lens used by the experimenters would cut off the whole of the lunar heat. He himself tried the experiment with metallic mirrors, but the thick London air prevented his succeeding.

The hint was not lost, however. It was decided that mirrors, and not lenses, were the proper weapons for carrying on the attack. Now there is one mirror in existence which excels all others in light-gathering, and therefore necessarily in heat-gathering, power. The gigantic mirror of the Rosse telescope has long been engaged in gathering the faint rays from those distant stellar cloudlets which are strewn over the celestial vault. The strange clusters with long outreaching arms, the spiral nebulæ with mystic convolutions around their blazing nuclei, the wild and fantastic figures of the irregular nebulæ—all these forms of matter had been forced to reveal their secret under the searching eye of the great Parsonstown reflector. But vast as are the powers of this giant telescope, and interesting as the revelations it had already made, there was one defect which paralyzed half its powers. It was an inert mass, well poised, indeed, so that the merest infant could sway it, but possessing no power of self-motion. The telescopes in our great observatories follow persistently the motions of the stars upon the celestial vault, but their giant brother possessed no such power. And when we remember the enormous volume of the Rosse telescope, its tube—fifty feet in length—down which a tall man can walk upright, and its vast metallic speculum weighing several tons, the task of applying clock-motion to so cumbrous and seemingly unwieldly a mass might well seem hopeless. Yet without this it was debarred from taking its part in a multitude of processes of research to which its powers were wonderfully adapted. Spectroscopic analysis, as applied to the stars, for example, requires the most perfect uniformity of clock-motion, so that the light from a star, once received on the jaws of the slit which forms the entrance into the spectroscope, may not move off them even by a hair's breadth. And the determination of the moon's heat required an equally exact adaptation of the telescope's motion to the apparent movement of the celestial sphere. For so delicate is the inquiry, that the mere heat generated in turning the telescope upon the moon by the ordinary arrangement would have served to mask the result.

At enormous cost, and after many difficulties had been encountered, the Rosse reflector has at length had its powers more than doubled, by the addition of the long-wanted power of self-motion. And among the first-fruits of the labor thus bestowed upon it, is the solution of the famous problem of determining the moon's heat.

The delicate heat-measurer, known as the thermopile, was used in this work, as in Mr. Huggins's experiments for estimating the heat we receive from the stars. The moon's heat, concentrated by the great mirror, was suffered to fall upon the face of the thermopile, and the indications of the needle were carefully watched. A small but obvious deflection in the direction signifying heat was at once observed, and when the observation had been repeated several times with the same result no doubt could remain. We actually receive an appreciable proportion of our warmth-supply from "the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon." The view which Sir John Herschel had long since formed on the behavior of the fleecy clouds of a summer night under the moon's influence was shown to be as correct as almost all the guesses have been which the two Herschels have ever made.

And one of the most interesting of the results which have followed from the inquiry confirms in an equally striking manner another guess which Sir John Herschel had made. By comparing the heat received from the moon with that obtained from several terrestrial sources, Lord Rosse had been led to the conclusion that at the time of full moon the surface of our satellite is raised to a temperature exceeding by more than 280° (Fahrenheit) that of boiling water. Sir John Herschel long since asserted that this must be so. During the long lunar day, lasting some 300 of our hours, the sun's rays are poured without intermission upon the lunar surface. No clouds temper the heat, no atmosphere even serves to interpose any resistance to the continual downpour of the fierce solar rays. And for about the space of three of our days the sun hangs suspended close to the zenith of the lunar sky, so that if there were inhabitants on our unfortunate satellite, they would be scorched for more than seventy consecutive hours by an almost vertical sun.

There is only one point in Lord Rosse's inquiry which seems doubtful. That we receive heat from the moon he has shown conclusively, and there can be no doubt that a large portion of this heat is *radiated* from the moon. But there is another mode by which the heat may be sent to us from the moon, and it might be worth while to inquire a little more closely than has yet been done whether the larger share of the heat rendered sensible by the great mirror may not have come in this way. We refer to the moon's power of *reflecting* heat. It need hardly be said that the reflection and the radiation of heat are very different matters. Let any one hold a burnished metal plate in such a way that the sun's light is reflected toward his face, and he will feel that with the light a considerable amount of heat is reflected. Let him leave the same metal in the sun until it is well warmed, and he will find that the metal is capable of imparting heat to him when it is removed from the sun's rays. This is radiation, and can not happen unless the metal has been warmed, whereas heat can be reflected from an ice-cold plate. There has been nothing in the experiments conducted by Lord Rosse to show by which of these two processes the moon's heat is principally sent to us; nor do we know enough of the constitution of the moon's surface to estimate for ourselves the relative proportions of the heat she reflects and radiates toward us.

THE SEYCHELLES ISLANDS.

In these days of steam and universal exploration there is scarcely a habitable spot on the globe that is not brought to us (in fancy, at least) as close as a neighboring village of a quarter of a century ago. Owyhee and Honolulu sound as familiar to us as Rockaway or Penobscot; and yet every now and then we come, in the course of our reading, upon a description of some out-of-the-way place of the existence of which we had never before heard. Such are the Seychelles Islands, in the Indian Ocean, which the English have made the dépôt for slaves recaptured and released on the east coast of Africa.

Concerning the history of this interesting group of islands little is known. They were in all probability discovered by the Portuguese two hundred years ago. They were first colonized by the discoverers, then by the French, and finally by the English, but by them in name only. They are situated about nine hundred miles due north of the island of Mauritius, the governor of which colony appoints the officials on the Seychelles.

Although the Seychelles are really English, they are apparently French. French schools, French language, French education; even the divine service is read in the Protestant church in French. All the merchants, and, in fact, almost the entire personnel of the islands, are French. A French man-of-war visits the islands periodically, and an English one rarely, and then only in case of necessity. The little town of Mahé, the capital, is inhabited by about ten thousand French Creoles and Africans, and has lately been brought into notice by the English mail line of the Peninsular and Oriental Steamship Company having made it a way-station between the Red Sea and the Mauritius.

The climate is very healthy, but the morality of the place is frightful. The marriage ceremony is a dead letter. Incest is too common to be taken notice of. The author of "A Cruise in the *Gorgon*" makes a very comical statement to the effect that an official in the Mauritius (born at Seychelles) is the son of his grandmother by his own brother! The female population are as five to one of men, and there are very few virtuous girls on the islands.

And these terribly depraved people inhabit a perfect paradise of beauty. The land at Mahé rises almost perpendicularly, fronted by a few miles of flat land, whereon stands the town. The heights, some 7000 or 8000 feet, are of solid rock, and to the top covered with luxuriant vegetation. The houses are built à la Swiss, and only want the pretty little bridges and rumbling streams to make the comparison perfect.

On this island there are about half a dozen roads—one running round the bay, the others at right angles to the hills in the back-ground, gently inclined toward them. These are lined with hedges of the prettiest flowers, the graceful palms and weeping-bamboos rendering them refreshing, cool retreats. At evening these walks are delightful, especially on a moonlight night. The aroma from the myriads of pine-apples, limes, and roses is truly delightful; and in the morning, before the sun has taken up the dew, a little walk before breakfast, besides exhausting one's eulogistic vocabulary, leaves one in a good temper for the remainder of the day.

One of the greatest curiosities to be seen at Seychelles is a kind of leaf-fly, something like the leaf-butterfly described in Wallace's "Malay Archipelago." Close attention is required to discover the insect on a bunch of leaves; to all appearances it is one of them; its body is quite green, with veins, fibres, etc. These leaf-flies are rare, and very difficult to keep, requiring fresh leaves daily. The ant and other insects perforate and devour them. When first hatched they have the appearance of small dried leaves, but soon turn green as they move about.

The soil is so rich and prolific that a walking-stick stuck into it at random would probably take root and grow. In a short walk, almost within a space of a hundred square yards, can be counted an endless variety of fruits—limes, pine-apples, oranges, bananas, plantains, lychoe, the noble bread-fruit, alligator pear, and mangoes, all growing wild, the two former choking the hedges and emitting a delicious fragrance of herbs; clove, cinnamon, castor-oil, balsam copaiba, manise, tapioca, sago, and cassava; trees of all kinds—India rubber, palms of every description, cocoa-nut, traveler's rest—which, tapped near the root, yields a refreshing drink—cushew, cocoa de mer, baisualt—from which, being so hard, they make tiles for houses. The *cocoa de mer*, as the name implies, grows by the sea-side; it is peculiar to the Seychelles, and grows nowhere else in the world; it is valuable for its fine straw; also it has a large nut which contains a kind of blanc-mange, which is very good.

The females are largely employed in plaiting this straw, and they sell the plait, enough to make a very small mat, for fifty cents. They work with ease and rapidity, but charge very high for their manufacture. The whole work of the island is performed by women, the men doing little or nothing.

BIG BELLS.

In China bells have been made of enormous weight. Nankin was anciently famous for the largeness of its bells. At Pekin there were seven bells cast in the reign of Zoulo, each weighing 120,000 pounds. The sound of the largest Chinese bell was very poor, owing to its being struck with a piece of *wood*, instead of a metal clapper. A bell given to the cathedral of Moscow by the Czar Godunof weighed 288,000 pounds, and another given by the Empress Ann, probably the largest in the known world, weighed 432,000 pounds. The great bell at St. Paul's weighs between 11,000 and 12,000 pounds, and is ten feet in diameter. On this bell is inscribed "Richard Phelps made me, 1716;" and Peter Cunningham, in his "Hand-book for London," tells us that it "is never used except for striking of the hour, and for tolling at the deaths and funerals of any of the Royal Family, the Bishops of London, and, should he die in his mayoralty, the Lord Mayor." We believe, however, that it tolled at the funeral of Lord Nelson, and at the deaths and funerals of the Duke of Wellington and Dean Milman. "The larger part of the metal of which it is made," the same authority informs us, "formed the celebrated 'Great Tom of Westminster,' once in the clock-tower, Palace Yard, Westminster." We do not know the size and weight of Mr. Denison's *portégé*, "Big Ben" of Westminster, but believe it is not quite so large as Tom of Lincoln, its vibratory power, however, being greater than that of any other bell in the kingdom. The new Great Tom at Lincoln, cast in 1835, weighs 12,000 pounds. The Great Tom at Oxford, 17,000 pounds. The great bell cast in 1845 for York Minster, the heaviest in the United Kingdom, weighs upward of 12 tons, or about 27,000 pounds. This last, though so much heavier, is smaller than St. Paul's. The same spirit which caused people to build immense monasteries, and decorate churches, induced them to vie with each other in the size of their bells. The number of bells in every church gave rise to the singular and curious architecture often found in the campanile or bell-tower. It was a constant appendage of every parish church belonging to the Saxons, and is distinctly mentioned as such in the laws of Athelstan.

The custom of welcoming distinguished visitors by a joyful peal is derived from very ancient days, when abbots, emperors, kings, and bishops used to be thus greeted.

The different uses of bells have given rise to many poems, some of which are inscribed on the bells themselves. Perhaps the finest is Schiller's "Die Glocke," in which he describes the casting of the bell and its uses. The old inscriptions on bells are in some cases of historical value. Certain bells still remaining in London have historical notes: that, for instance, at the top of the bell-tower in the Tower, which was tolled at the execution of Lady Jane Grey, Anne Boleyn, and other state prisoners; and sounded alarms of fires and other calamities.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The terrific tornado which swept with such fury all along the New England coast is believed to have traveled at the rate of forty miles an hour. A pretty good railroad speed was that, and plenty of mischief did old Æolus cause by thus giving a loose rein to his subjects. Boston will long feel the effects of this most unseasonable equinoctial gale. We believe a storm that occurs any time in September is allowed the honor of being regarded as the Equinoctial, unless it is afterward overshadowed by another more furious. The briefest list of the houses, barns, and chimneys blown down, of the tall spires demolished, of the shipping injured in port, of the windows broken in, of the orchards stripped of fruit and foliage, and similar disasters, would fill columns. It is wonderful there was so little loss of life on land. Some wrecks at sea have been reported, and others must be expected.

A few days before the Eastern gale a terrible storm of wind and rain occurred in the vicinity of New Orleans. It seems to have expended its fury upon the Lake shores, and had the storm continued many hours longer New Orleans would have been flooded, in consequence of breakages in the draining canals, and other unusual casualties. The hotel at Grand Isle was surrounded by water to the depth of two feet; and the guests, about fifty in number, were in a state of great anxiety for many hours.

It was a regulation of the managers of the Avondale mine that any miner arriving at the mouth of the shaft after the bell tolled seven o'clock should not be allowed to work that day. On that fatal Monday morning two men came late, by only a few moments. The person in charge refused to let them go down, whereat they grumbled and swore, and threatened to be revenged some day; but their lives were saved.

The Rev. Dr. Lanahan, the newly-appointed agent of the *Methodist Book Concern*, it is currently reported, has discovered great unfaithfulness and corruption in that establishment, involving losses amounting to several hundred thousand dollars.

The "Byron scandal" is said to have caused a large demand for his poems. A mysterious announcement is also made that Byron's autobiography, which Moore burned, "will yet see the light." If rumor is to be relied upon, Mrs. Stowe will wait until every body on both sides of the water has discussed the subject before she makes any reply.

The season at the German watering-places has just closed. At Baden-Baden there have been about 22,000 visitors. At Carlsbad 11,150 are registered, and at Kissingen and Maribad between four and five thousand each.

The American Institute was founded about forty years ago. Each year it issues 15,000 copies of a volume of nearly 1400 pages, containing a summary of the most practical current information in applied science and agriculture, including the latest and most valuable discoveries. The exhibition now being held in this city is the thirty-eighth annual fair.

It is said there will be a magnificent banquet when the Vanderbilt Bronze is unveiled to the gaze of the world.

Major Powell has successfully concluded his explorations of the Great Cañon of the Colorado, and will soon return to give the details of the expedition.

At a recent meeting of the Board of Trustees of the College of the City of New York, the question was discussed whether the professorship of Latin and Greek should be retained in the college course. After an animated debate it was resolved to continue classical instruction as a measure of sound policy and justice both to the pupils and to the community.

Professor Agassiz recently received a present of a banner fish caught at Norwich, Connecticut. It is diamond-shaped and three inches square. From two sides of the diamond floated glutinous streamers of a delicate color, at least two feet long. Between these were smaller streamers gridironed by strips of red, white, and blue. When swimming in the river the fish resembled a crystallized American flag, its sides resplendent with all the colors of the rainbow.

The generosity of the American people has been nobly displayed in the readiness with which they have contributed to the Rawlins fund and that for the Avondale sufferers. There are plenty of selfish people every where, no doubt; but it is a pleasure to know that our country is not lacking in truly benevolent ones.

The Harvard crew on their arrival in New York recently were most cordially greeted, and the hospitalities of New York and Boston were offered them by committees from the Common Council of this city and from the City Council of Boston. As a testimonial of respect, a banquet was given at Delmonico's in honor of the Harvards by the associated boat clubs of New York and Brooklyn. The hall was decorated with American and English flags, and many distinguished men participated in the festivities. The Harvards could not fail to feel that their countrymen honored their brave endeavors and manly conduct. Henry Ward Beecher, who was prevented by illness from being present, sent a cordial letter, which was read at the entertainment.

Among the extraordinary stories which gain a certain credence in this age of wonders is one concerning a Mrs. Birney who lives in Ohio. She is over sixty years of age, and for the last twenty-three years has preached every two weeks while in an unconscious state! She does not take the trouble to write a sermon, or even to study her subject, as less gifted preachers usually find it necessary to do. But every alternate Sunday, about ten o'clock in the morning, after sundry strange and painful sensations, she passes into an unconscious state, and delivers a discourse of an hour or more in length! These discourses resemble in style and matter the old-fashioned orthodox sermons of half a century ago. Science has failed—so says report—to fathom the mystery surrounding this wonderful case. The subject herself declares that she is wholly unconscious of what transpires during the "spells;" but she believes they are caused by a stroke of lightning which she received when about eighteen years old, and which for the time paralyzed the right half of her body.

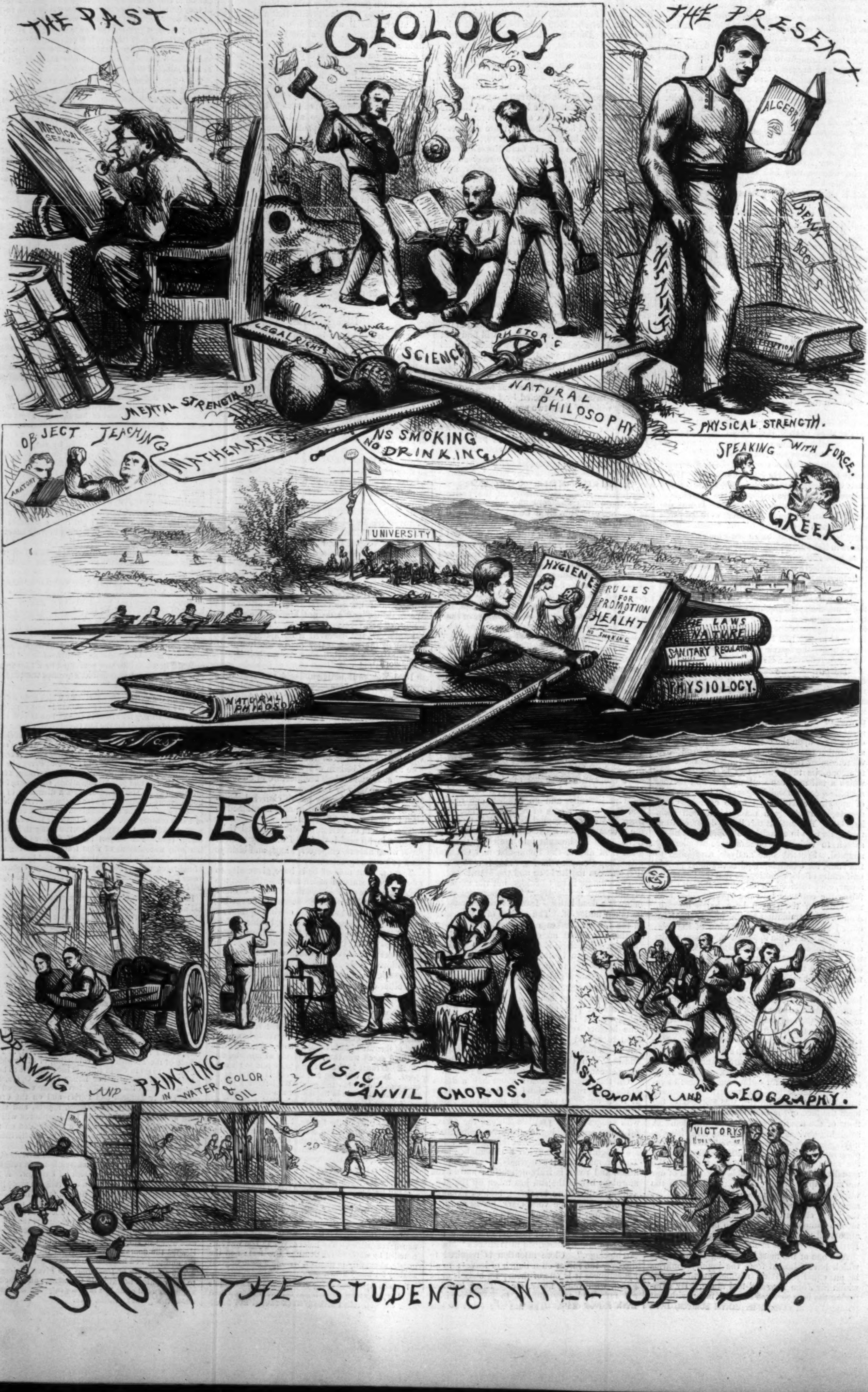
Brigham Young considers an exemption from medical attendance one of his greatest blessings. He declares that for forty years he has never had a doctor in his house—and that at Salt Lake they had no sickness till the doctors came. Then they, being too lazy to delve and hoe like others, made people ill, in order to get a living by doctoring them!

The Empress of the French is said to have given up her intended visit to Jerusalem, but is still expected at Constantinople early in October. The Imperial party will then proceed to Smyrna, thence to Rhodes and Cyprus, delaying some time at each of those places before continuing the voyage to Alexandria. The preparations which are being made at Constantinople for the reception of the Empress are on a very imposing scale. Roads are being formed and districts improved for the convenience of her Majesty. The whole of the Turkish fleet, consisting of thirty ships of war, is to go to Corfu to meet her; there is to be a grand performance in her honor at the Opera, for which *artistes* of distinction have been engaged at great cost in London and Paris; and on the evening of her departure the palaces, houses, and shipping all along the shores of the Bosphorus will be brilliantly illuminated, and large fires lighted on the adjoining eminences. The cost of these festivities is estimated at fifteen millions of francs.

A foreign paper relates a strange and terrible story of the self-destruction of seventeen hundred religious enthusiasts in the Government of Saratow. A few months ago the prophets of a new religion made their appearance in that part of Russia, preaching self-destruction by fire as the only sure road to salvation, and so readily was their dreadful doctrine received by the ignorant and superstitious peasantry, that in one large village no less than seventeen hundred persons assembled in some wooden houses, and, having barricaded the doors and windows, set the buildings on fire and perished in the flames.

The centenary of Humboldt has given an impulse to biographical literature in Germany, and caused the announcement of no less than seventy-four new books about this great scientific man.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION.


THE PAST.
MEDICAL SEMINARY
MENTAL STRENGTH (?)
GEOLOGY.
THE PRESENT.
ALGEBRA
HEALTH
HEAVY BOOKS
HUMAN CONSTITUTION
PHYSICAL STRENGTH.
LEGAL RIGHTS
SCIENCE
RHETORIC
NATURAL PHILOSOPHY
MATHEMATICS
NO SMOKING NO DRINKING.
OBJECT TEACHING
ANATOMY
SPEAKING WITH FORCE.
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UNIVERSITY
HYGIENE
RULES FOR PROMOTION OF HEALHT
NO SMOKING
THE LAWS OF NATURE
SANITARY REGULATION
PHYSIOLOGY.
NATURAL PHILOSOPHY
COLLEGE REFORM.
DRAWING AND PAINTING IN WATER COLOR & OIL
MUSIC, "ANVIL CHORUS".
ASTRONOMY AND GEOGRAPHY.
TRUCE
VICTORYS
HOW THE STUDENTS WILL STUDY.

FISH CULTURE IN FRANCE.

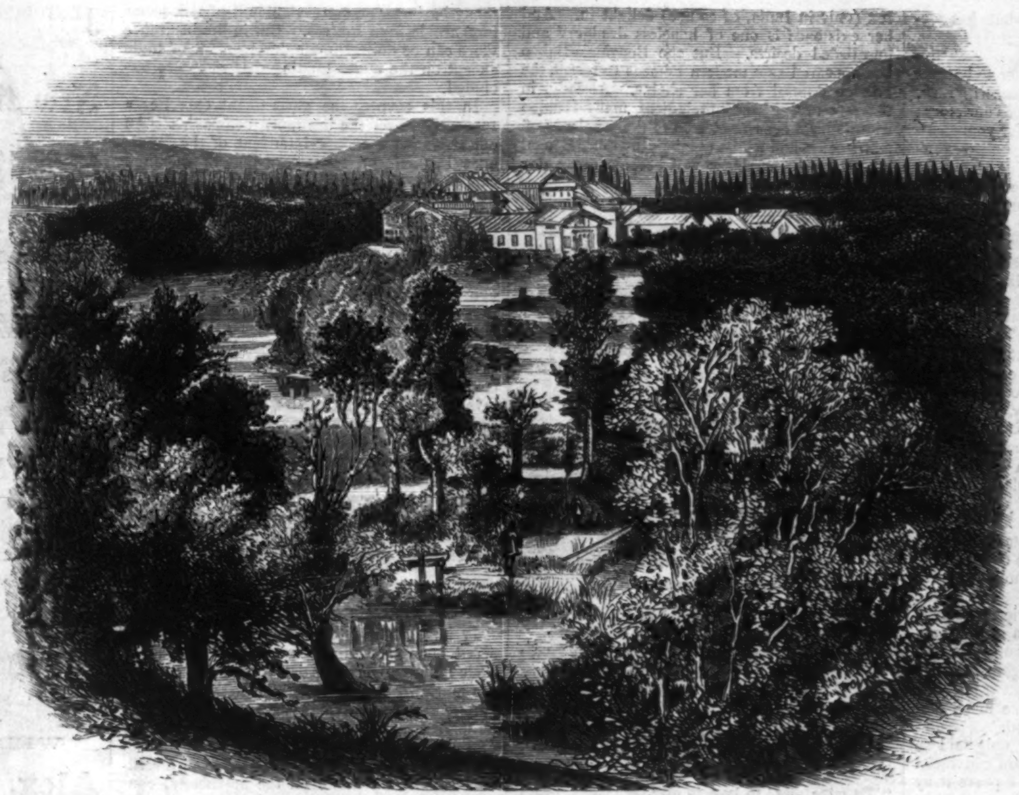
THE French Government maintain a great establishment for fish culture. It is situated near the route from Basle to Strasbourg, and takes its name from the old castle of Huningue, near by. The principal building is a long, low structure, with a pavilion at each end and in the middle. In front are numerous ponds and water-courses, in which the young fish—trout, salmon, perch, pike, and others—are distributed. The row of poplars behind the buildings in the first view marks the line of the canal which connects the Rhone and the Rhine. The mountains upon the right, in the back-ground, are the spurs of the Swiss Alps. Those upon the left are the range of the Black Forest. The Rhine lies in the valley at their feet.

All the springs in the vicinity of the buildings are carried by a canal into one end of the structure, and the fresh, sparkling water, distributed into several troughs, runs incessantly from one end to the other, every part of the course being occupied with the process of impregnating or hatching the eggs, or nurturing the infant fish.

After the eggs have been taken from the fish and impregnated in the way which has been often described, they are placed in shallow baskets in the running water. Attendants watch them night and day, remove those that are "sick," separate those which the water masses together, change the baskets if they become foul from too long exposure to the water, and pick off every floating straw that might injure the eggs. The salmon eggs are large enough to be counted; and so complete is the organization of the establishment that records are kept of the daily changing numbers. Other eggs are too small to be known except by measurement.

In the other wing of the building are the pools or tanks in which the young fish pass their earliest days, and from which, after proper growth, they are transferred to out-of-door pools, or sent to stock the ponds and streams of France.

The establishment at Huningue is for the benefit of the public, and the eggs are sent throughout France to all who apply, with no other charge than transportation.


GOVERNMENT ESTABLISHMENT FOR FISH CULTURE AT HUNINGUE, FRANCE—GENERAL VIEW.

AN OPEN-AIR THEATRE AT PARIS.

THOUGH it is the customary affectation of the journalists who keep the record of Parisian gayeties to protest, about this time of the year, that the French capital is a perfect desert, abandoned by all its proper inhabitants, and only frequented by the savages of the provincial departments, or by ignorant foreign tourists who have lost their way on the wide continent of Europe, we are nevertheless credibly informed that the native bourgeoisie continue to dwell in that lively city; and we believe they may be found assembled in considerable numbers, any fine week-day or Sunday evening, at the various places, urban and suburban, where popular entertainments are provided at a cheap cost. The open-air theatres in the Champs Elysées and in other favorite haunts of pleasure contrive to draw pretty large audiences for their brisk little vaudevilles or farces, and plenty of spectators willing to be gratified by the performances of the nimble, if not always graceful and decorous, nymphs of the ballet. It is an exhibition of the latter kind, associated with the temptations of social idleness, a cup of some dainty and exhilarating beverage, alternating with cakes, or ice-creams, or comfits, or cigars, and especially with the opportunities of flirtation and coquetry under the public eye, which has attracted so many young men and maidens, besides not a few old men and children, who might perhaps have been more wisely occupied at home. But the world does very much as it pleases; and the illustration we have engraved on page 632 pretends but to show what the Parisians like to do.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

SOME years ago I knew a lapidary who gained a considerable fortune by a great misfortune. An excellent workman, honest as the day, Montin had but one fault; he was too fond of good wine, which caused him to neglect his work—sometimes for days together, to the great dissatisfaction of his employer, who in all other respects valued and esteemed him highly, both for his skill and probity.

One day Montin received from his master a diamond of the finest water to cut and polish, with strict recommendations to keep sober until the work was finished.

"I rely on your activity," said the jeweler, on giving him the stone. "I must have it without fail on the 15th of this month; and if you disappoint me this time, it will be the last work that you will ever have from me."

Montin promised exactitude, asked, as was usual with him, part of his pay in advance, and set himself courageously to work. Under his skillful hand the diamond soon began to show forth its beauty; in a few more hours it would have been finished, when, unfortunately for Montin's resolutions, a friend called on him, an old comrade, who had been long absent from Paris: what could they do but take a glass together? Arrived at the cabaret, the time passed quickly away, and Montin thought no more of his unfinished work.

During the morning his employer came to see how the polishing of the diamond proceeded. The concierge assured him that Montin had only just gone out, and would not fail to return directly, as he had for some days been working steadily and unremittingly. Only half satisfied, the jeweler went away, to return in two hours, and to find Montin still absent. Convinced he was at the tavern, the master charged one of his men to seek him, and induce him to return to his work. This was done, and Montin, grumbling between his teeth, quitted his comrade, and ascended to his work-shop; but his head was no longer clear, nor his hand steady. To add to his trouble, the diamond became unfixed; he seized it hastily to replace it; his trembling fingers gave a jerk—and, by a strange fatality, the precious stone flew out of the window! Sobered in a moment by this terrible accident, Montin continued gazing out of the casement as if petrified, his pale lips murmuring the words, "Lost! lost! lost!"

For more than an hour he remained almost motionless, and was only roused from his lethargy by the entrance of his master.

"Is it thus you work, Montin?" exclaimed he; "three times have I called for the diamond, and you spend your time at the tavern. Give me the stone; I must have it, finished or unfinished."

Montin looked wildly at him without uttering a word.

"What is the matter with you?" asked the jeweler. "Why don't you answer? Have you drunk all your senses away?"

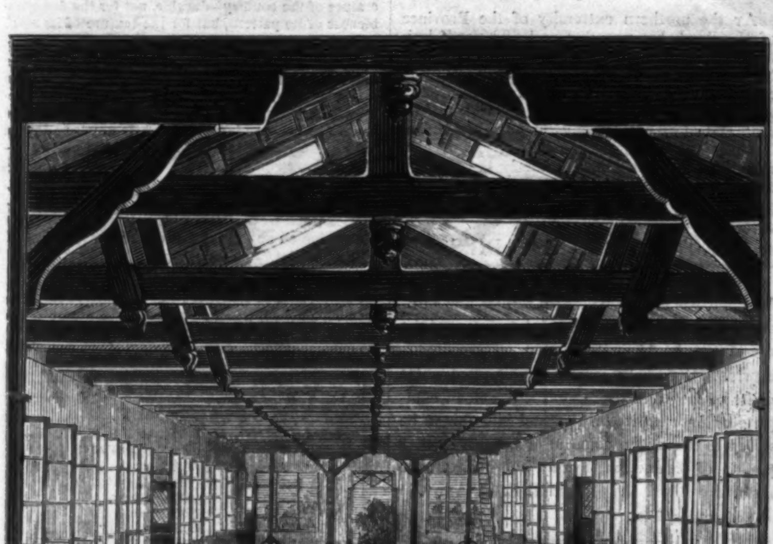
The lapidary tried in vain to speak. His tongue seemed paralyzed. At last he rose, and hiding his face in his hands, murmured, "It—is—lost!"

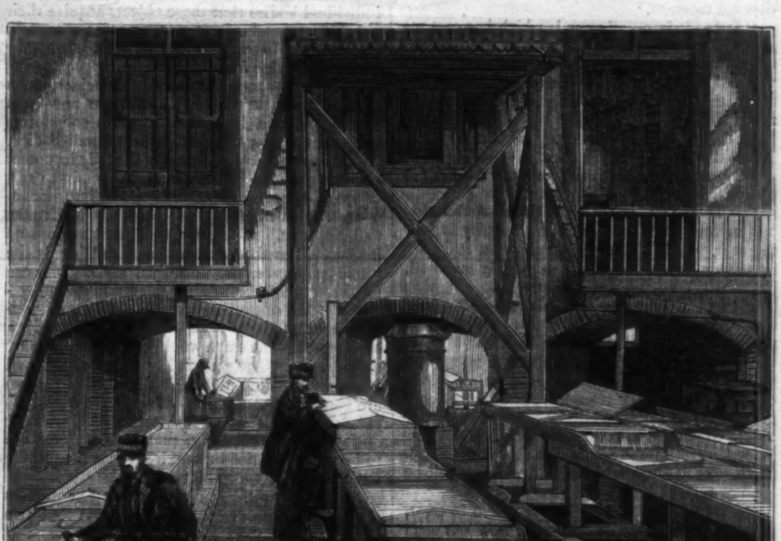
"Explain yourself. What has happened?"

"Out of the window."

"What! when?"

"The stone."


INTERIOR VIEW, SHOWING THE POOLS FOR YOUNG FISH.


INTERIOR VIEW, SHOWING THE TROUGHS FOR HATCHING.

"Well, well, well; tell me what has occurred."

"The stone flew out."

It was now the turn of the master to become silent with astonishment; then, furious with rage, he cried, "I don't believe a word of your story; you have sold my diamond to pay for your dissipation."

This accusation was the *coup de grace* for Montin. He fell fainting at the feet of his master; and it was not without difficulty that he was recalled to life, or rather to a despair which amounted almost to madness. The jeweler, who understood what was passing in his mind, tried to console him, and at last succeeded in rendering him more calm.

"It is a most unfortunate accident, no doubt," said he, "but it is not irreparable."

"You do not, then, believe that I sold your diamond for drink?" said Montin, eagerly.

"No, no, Montin; you must forget what I said in the first moment of anger, and let us try to find a remedy for the misfortune. The diamond was worth £200; you must endeavor to repay me the half of that sum out of your wages, which, when you work regularly, amount to £3 or £4 a week. With industry and sobriety you will soon get out of debt."

"From this time I will work steadily," said Montin, with tears in his eyes. "You shall see, Sir, that though I have been a drunkard, I am not a thief."

"I believe you," replied the jeweler. "I have every confidence in you; you are a good workman; I will furnish you with plenty of work, and in a few years you will be right again. Well! will that suit you?"

"Oh yes, Sir! only tell me once more that you do not think I sold the diamond."

"I repeat, on my honor, that I only said so in the first moment of anger. I am convinced you are an honest man—in fact, I prove it by trusting you with more work."

"Yes, Sir, that is true, and I promise you I will not disappoint you. I will repair my fault; the lesson has been severe, but it will not be without its fruits."

Montin kept his word—he rose early, and worked indefatigably; the lost stone was replaced by another, which was polished as if by enchantment. Faithful to his promise, he went no more to the tavern, and became a model of steadiness and industry. At the end of the year he had paid a considerable part of his debt. Sixteen months passed thus, when one fine morning in May, having finished his work, he placed himself at the window, and watched the boats passing and repassing on the river which flowed close to the walls of the house. Suddenly, his eye was attracted by something bright glittering on the extreme edge of an old chimney. What was his surprise to discover his half-polished diamond! It seemed as if a breath would precipitate it into the water beneath; and yet there it had been for so many months suspended between heaven and earth!

At this sight his emotion became almost as great as on the day when he had seen it disappear out of the window; he dared not remove his eyes, fearing to lose sight of the almost recovered treasure.

"It is—it is my diamond, which has cost me so many tears," said he; "but how shall I reach it? If it were to fall! But no, I will take every precaution; not too fast!—let me consider well!"

At this moment his employer entered the room.

"Oh, Sir!" cried Montin, "it is there!"

"What?" said the jeweler.

"My diamond, or rather yours. Ah, do not touch it, we shall lose it forever."

"It is true; it is certainly the diamond that has so tormented us; but the difficulty is how to get it. Wait a moment, I know how to do it." So saying, he left the room, but quickly returned, bearing in his hand a net prepared for catching butterflies. With its aid, and that of a long stick, he proceeded carefully to try and get the precious stone—Montin, hardly daring to breathe, watching all his movements with the greatest anxiety. At last his efforts were crowned with success, and he cried, "Here it is, Montin! I congratulate you on its recovery. I am now your debtor to the amount of nearly a hundred pounds. What do you intend to do with the amount?"

"Leave it in your hands, Sir, if you will be kind enough to keep it for me."

"Most willingly; I will pay you the interest, and if you continue to add to it, you will soon have a nice little sum," replied the jeweler.

This was the beginning of Montin's fortune. In a few years he became a partner with his master, whose daughter he married, and he is now one of the principal jewelers in Paris.

HINDOO MARRIAGES.

Sorely is some amelioration of the Hindoo marriage law required. Tied together as infants, there is rarely much love between the Hindoo man and wife; and too often the husband (if not indeed the wife) seeks elsewhere that affection which can not be kindled on the domestic hearth. But to the woman this is not all. Married while yet a baby, she is by the old Hindoo law married once for all. Her lord and master may die before the marriage has gone beyond the mere betrothal, but she is thenceforth a widow whom no other man may wed. Old Mr. Weller might, as far as this matter is concerned, have found favor among the strictest Brahmins of the old school, so entirely in accordance with their views were his sentiments as to widow marriage. Left a widow, the Hindoo woman is for the rest of her life a slave in the household of her husband's family. No hopes may she cherish of having a home and children to call her own. She may not even satisfy her womanly vanity by wearing the trinkets that her sex (only in India, of course) delight in. And her existence is one of hopeless drudgery and unsatisfied desires. But the Bengalee Baboo has appeared as a modern Perseus to rescue the Hindoo damsel from her chains. Already, in the face of old-world prejudices, many Hindoo widows have been re-elected to the privileges of matrimony, and as the opinions of young Bengal extend, such marriages will become every day of more common occurrence.

A HEART UNFELLOWED.

The autumn mellowed the year, the year,
And by the sea
Sat an angel, or fay, or lady rare—
I know not which—with a shell at her ear
That from the depths of the ocean near
Whispered and wailed this melody:

"Oh! if it were mine to love, to love,
And thou wert she;
Thou should'st to me be an isle of the prime,
Where, rolling backward the wheels of Time,
All bliss should meet in an Eden clime,
And I would be the ambient sea.

"Oh! if to thee, my love, my love,
But once were given;
Thou should'st to me be the fount of light,
The star of stars in the infinite,
And I, as worlds glowed into sight,
Would be the gazing rest of heaven.

"Oh! if, in the might of thee and love,
To dare were mine;
The throne of the world should be my seat,
The neck of the world should bend at thy feet,
And the waves of its praise should break most sweet,
That they were doubly mine and thine.

"Oh! if to thee I brought my love,
An offering;
My captives of victor thought, I ween,
Should march in flowers with dainty mien,
And, paying homage to thee their queen,
Tell me I was the more a king.

"'Tis mine, alas! to love, to love,
And thou art she.
Not a word? not a sigh?—I am too bold;
My heart is on fire, but thine is cold;
Thus the empty sum of my life is told—
That I am naught, since naught to thee!"

Such were the words of the shell, the shell,
Words sad and few;
But whose was the voice that spake to her ear,
That whispered and wailed forth its deep despair,
Was more than that angel, or lady rare,
Or fay, or shell, or ocean knew.

METEORS AND COMETS.

A most remarkable feature of modern astronomical discovery is worthy of mention. A phenomenon which men had long been in the habit of looking upon as a meteorological one has been at length recognized in its true light, and has been found wonderfully to enhance our appreciation of the complexity of the systems which exist within the solar domain. Meteors, shooting-stars, and aerolites have taken their place among the attendants of the sun; and, in several instances, the orbits they have followed before they reached the earth have been approximately determined.

But it is rather as members of systems than as individual bodies that these objects acquire their chief interest and meaning. There was not much, perhaps, to attract attention to them when they were supposed to form one or two rings occupying a position in space very nearly coincident with that of the earth's orbit. But it has now been placed beyond a doubt that the earth encounters fifty-six systems, at least, of these small bodies. And these systems are found (in the only instances yet examined) to be not circular rings, but ovals of great eccentricity extending far into space, even in some cases beyond the orbits of Uranus and Neptune. It is clear, then, that we can no longer look on these systems as resembling, in the remotest degree, the asteroidal zone. We are forced, too, to take into consideration an important question of probability. What is the likelihood that, if there were but a few hundred of such systems, the earth would encounter so many as fifty-six? The probability may be reckoned "almost at naked nothing." And therefore we are compelled to admit as a legitimate *à posteriori* deduction, the extreme probability, we may almost say the certainty, that such systems are to be reckoned, not by hundreds and thousands, but by millions on millions.

Nor is this all. Within the last few months the startling discovery has been made that two of the meteoric systems, at least, and probably many others, coincide throughout their calculated extent with the orbits of known comets. Accordingly, we are led to trace an intimate connection, if not an absolute identity, between comets and shooting-star systems. And when we find that a system which has afforded such grand displays of star-falls as the well-known November shooting-star system is identified not with a large and conspicuous comet, but with one which has only lately been detected, though it must have been in close proximity to the earth some thirty times during the last thousand years—with a comet, in fact, which is absolutely invisible to the naked eye, and far from being a conspicuous object in powerful telescopes—we are led to recognize the importance of such comets as Newton's, Halley's, and Donati's.

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Life insurance in this country seems to be safer than in England. In the latter country the Albert Life Insurance Company, established over thirty years ago, with an income exceeding $1,500,000 a year, and sums insured reaching $40,000,000, has suspended payment. This means that some 16,000 heads of families see the provisions they supposed they had made for those dependent on them vanish into air. In many businesses a certain amount of risk seems inseparable from success. But in life insurance there can be no legitimate development of trade except on the understanding that risks are excluded.

In this country the government exercises a supervision over the insurance companies. An officer, called the Superintendent of the Insurance Department, takes care that the nominal capital is both subscribed and fully paid up before the company begins business, and that on taking any fresh risk a sum is set aside which, annually invested in approved securities at a low rate of interest, will be sufficient to pay the policy at maturity. To this officer every company is obliged to furnish on oath an annual statement, in a form supplied by him, of its exact financial position. The State does not trust, however, to the oath alone. The Superintendent, if he sees reason to suspect the annual statement of any company, may at any moment make a special investigation into its affairs, and where he believes mismanagement to exist he may order the company to suspend the issue of new policies until after such an investigation has been held. If the result of the inquiry does not establish the solvency of the concern, the matter is referred to the Supreme Court, the company is dissolved, and the assets are distributed among the policy holders.

REARING CHILDREN.

It is a settled matter of demonstration that about one-fourth of all the children born die in their infancy. If statistical tables are correct, the mortality is greater in civilized society than among semi-barbarians or savages. It is not to be denied that the Indians lose a large number of their pappooses before the second year; but not in the ratio of a given population in a civilized community where all the appliances, conveniences, and knowledge are in full exercise for their preservation.

The negroes of Africa and the nomadic races in Asia lose many children early; but they appear to be more successful in their efforts to rear them than the best informed people of civilized Europe or America. No doubt this assertion may be called in question. Figures are not to be disputed, however. If it be admitted that the manner of everyday life of millions of mothers is injurious to their nursing babes, one direct cause of the mortality among infants, never practiced by unsophisticated outdoor, open-air mothers, will be established. Our civilized mothers bundle up their babies too closely, and too often deprive them of the fresh, invigorating atmospheric air. They are wilted like cut flowers in a stifling nursery. Their freedom is too much abridged, from a mistaken idea that they may take cold if exposed. The Esquimaux mother refreshes her nude nursling in an Arctic snow-drift. Civilization overdoes—the uncivilized lets nature do more.

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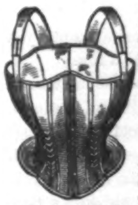

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